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POWER AND GLORY

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KAREL ČAPEK (author)

POWER AND GLORY

A Drama in Three Acts

English Version by

Paul Selver and

Ralph Neale

L O N D O N

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

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By arrangement with Eric Clive, Ltd.

JACK DE LEON

in association with

CHARLES KILLICK and VICTOR PAYNE-JENNINGS

presents

OSCAR HOMOLKA

in

POWER AND GLORY

A New Play by KAREL ČAPEK

English Version by PAUL SELVER and RALPH NEALE
at the Savoy Theatre, London, on April 9, 1938, with the
following cast:

in order of appearance:

First Leper	VERNON HARRIS
Second Leper	H. R. HIGNETT
Third Leper	KEITH PYOTT
Professor Sigelius	FELIX AYLMER
First Journalist	WILLIAM HARTNELL
Sister	AMINTA WRAY
Dr. Galen	OSCAR HOMOLKA
First Assistant	EARLE GREY
Father	JULIEN MITCHELL
Mother	BEATRICE VARLEY
Daughter	DOLORES DALGARNO
Son	LEWIS SHAW
Second Assistant	SYDNEY KING
Third Doctor	KEITH PYOTT
Fourth Doctor	CYRIL FAIRLIE
High Official	DENIS VAL-NORTON
Marshal	OSCAR HOMOLKA

POWER AND GLORY

General Brenka
Adjutant
Paul Krug
Minister of Health
Second Journalist
Third Journalist
Baron Krug
Minister of Propaganda
Anetta

J. O. TWISS
MELVILLE CRAWFORD
ANTHONY HAWTREY
WALTER HORSBRUGH
VERNON HARRIS
ROWLAND WINTERTON
C. V. FRANCE
TORIN THATCHER
LESLEY BROOK

By arrangement with Warner Bros. and First National Prod. Ltd.

The Play Produced by CLAUD GURNEY

Settings by Gabriel Toyne and Eve Negus

NOTE

THIS version of Karel Čapek's play, *The White Scourge*, which was first produced at the National Theatre, Prague, differs in a few details from the first performance in English at the Savoy Theatre, London.

In this production the characters of the Marshal and Dr. Galen, both being played by Oscar Homolka, necessitated changing the scene between these two to a scene between Professor Sigelius and the Doctor, at the same time retaining the clash between the Marshal's ideals and the Doctor's opposing ideals, as intended by the author.

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SCENES

ACT ONE

- SCENE 1. OUTSIDE THE LILIENTHAL CLINIC.
- SCENE 2. PROFESSOR SIGELIUS'S STUDY IN THE LILIENTHAL CLINIC. THE SAME DAY.
- SCENE 3. THE SITTING-ROOM IN A COMFORTABLE MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE. THAT EVENING.
- SCENE 4. THE CLINIC. A MONTH LATER.
- SCENE 5. THE CORRIDOR, SAME AS SCENE 4. A FEW DAYS LATER.

ACT TWO

- SCENE 1. SAME AS ACT ONE, SCENE 3. THAT EVENING.
- SCENE 2. THE WAITING-ROOM ADJOINING GALEN'S CONSULTING-ROOM. THE NEXT DAY.
- SCENE 3. THE PROFESSOR'S STUDY IN THE CLINIC. A WEEK LATER.
- SCENE 4. DR. GALEN'S CONSULTING-ROOM. LATER IN THE SAME DAY.
- SCENE 5. THE MARSHAL'S STUDY. A FEW DAYS LATER.
- SCENE 6. THE PROFESSOR'S STUDY IN THE CLINIC. THE SAME DAY.

ACT THREE

- SCENE 1. THE MARSHAL'S STUDY. A FEW WEEKS LATER.
- SCENE 2. THE MARSHAL'S STUDY. A FEW DAYS LATER.
- SCENE 3. A STREET NEAR THE MARSHAL'S PALACE.

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POWER AND GLORY

ACT ONE

SCENE I

TIME. *Present.*

SCENE. *Outside the Lilienthal Clinic. Three LEPERS in bandages are waiting. Each has some form of the White Scourge. The THIRD LEPER is in the final stage.*

FIRST LEPER. It's the plague—the plague I tell you. Someone's got it in every house in our street. Why, only the other week I said to my next-door neighbour, "Look, you've got a white spot on your chin." "That's nothing," he said, "it doesn't hurt a bit." But it was the plague right enough.

SECOND LEPER. It isn't the plague. It's leprosy. They call it the White Scourge, but you know what they really ought to call it? A punishment on the world. A disease like this doesn't appear from nowhere on its own and spread all over the world killing millions. Yes, a punishment, God's punishment.

THIRD LEPER. [*In terror*] O God! O God!

FIRST LEPER. Punishment? Punishment? What have I got to be punished for? Bad luck? I've never had anything except that. He must be a funny sort of God if He punishes a man for having nothing but bad luck.

SECOND LEPER. That makes no difference. You wait and see what this leprosy does to you. Yours started like mine did with just a spot on your skin, didn't it? Soon it'll begin to gnaw at your inside like it's doing to this chap here. [*He indicates the THIRD LEPER*] When it does that you'll know

for sure it's a punishment. And there must be some reason for it——

THIRD LEPER. God—God in Heaven——

FIRST LEPER. Yes, I'll tell you the reason for it—why we've got to die. There're too many people in the world, so half of us have got to be killed off to make room for others.

SECOND LEPER. But why should I be one of them?

FIRST LEPER. You're a baker and you've got to die to make room for some other baker. I'm out of work and always would be, and I've got to go so that somebody else instead of me can become what they call a "down-and-out." It's all part of a plan. That's why we've got this plague.

SECOND LEPER. It's not a plague, I tell you.

FIRST LEPER. How do you know?

SECOND LEPER. If it was a plague we should go black. But we're lepers. That's why we're going white. White like chalk.

FIRST LEPER. White or black. We've all got to go the same way. We've all got to die, haven't we?

THIRD LEPER. [*More terrified*] God! God! Have mercy! Have mercy!

SECOND LEPER. Why should He? What have you got to worry about? You've no one but yourself. No one to leave behind. No one you care for. But it's different when a man's got a wife and children who're afraid to come near him, daren't touch him. It's torture for them. Now my wife has got a white spot too, like I had. It's on her chest. Just a spot. But it's the beginning of the end. Now she does nothing day and night but cry out for someone to save her. But no one can.

THIRD LEPER. [*Fiercely—rises*] Shut up, can't you? Jesus!
[*He collapses and lies very still.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE 2

The same day.

Professor Sigelius's Study in the Lilienthal Clinic. It is an imposing room. The PROFESSOR, seated behind desk, is talking to a JOURNALIST who is standing, hat in hand.

PROFESSOR. A journalist? I'm busy. My patients. But I can spare you three minutes. What is it you want to know?

JOURNALIST. My paper is very anxious to give its readers the latest information from the best-known authority—yourself, Professor—about the——

PROFESSOR. I know, I know. About what the public call the White Scourge.

[He indicates a chair.]

JOURNALIST. *[Sitting]* The Eastern Leprosy.

PROFESSOR. Quite so. But I'm afraid too much has been written about it already. And by people with no professional qualifications. Statements about diseases ought to be left to medical men. It's not a job for the layman. Besides, if you describe the symptoms in the newspapers, everyone at once begins to imagine they've got them. Isn't that so?

JOURNALIST. Yes, Professor. Of course. But to prevent a panic, our paper is very anxious to ease the minds of its readers.

PROFESSOR. Ease the minds of its readers! My good man, how on earth do you expect me or anyone else to do that? This White Scourge is a very deadly disease, and it's spreading more rapidly than the public realize. Naturally in every clinic and hospital all over the world they're concentrating on research work to find a cure for it, but—*[he shrugs his shoulders]* so far, medical science is baffled.

JOURNALIST. Then what do you advise, Professor?

PROFESSOR. The only advice I can give your readers is that at the first symptoms they should consult their family doctor and have complete confidence in him.

JOURNALIST. And what can he do?

PROFESSOR. Prescribe an ordinary disinfectant for the poorer classes, and a Peruvian balm for those who can afford it.

JOURNALIST. [*Dubiously*] But will they do any good, Professor?

PROFESSOR. I'm afraid they can only counteract the odour during the second stage of the disease.

JOURNALIST. And what about the third stage, Professor?

PROFESSOR. Morphia's the only thing. But I don't think we need discuss that. It's not a very pleasant subject.

JOURNALIST. And what do you consider is the reason for its being so very infectious, Professor?

PROFESSOR. [*As if he is about to deliver a lecture*] Ah, that all depends. You see, we've not yet identified the bacillus responsible. All we know is that it spreads with lightning rapidity. We've proved that it can't be transferred to animals, and that you can't even give it to human beings under a certain age.

JOURNALIST. Dr. Hirota of Tokyo tried that experiment on himself, didn't he?

PROFESSOR. Yes. A magnificent gesture. We doctors are fighting against an unknown enemy. You can tell your readers that at my clinic research work on this disease has been going on for more than two years, and we've published a number of pamphlets that have been quoted and praised in medical text books. We're in continuous touch with the Government, and the Marshal himself is personally interested. [*He touches a bell on his desk*] So far we've established, without the slightest doubt, that—sorry I've no time to go into that. I can only spare you three minutes.

[A HOSPITAL SISTER enters.]

SISTER. Yes, Professor?

PROFESSOR. This gentleman's from the Press. Let him have a selection of the publications issued by the clinic as he goes out.

SISTER. Yes, Professor.

[*The HOSPITAL SISTER exits.*]

PROFESSOR. You must make a point of mentioning them. It should be some relief to the public to realize how much work my clinic has done to combat this so-called Eastern Leprosy.

JOURNALIST. You don't think it's leprosy, then?

PROFESSOR. Leprosy is a skin disease. This particular disease is really an internal one. My colleagues at the Hospital for Skin Diseases are under the misapprehension that they have the right to lecture about it. It's rather foolish of them.

JOURNALIST. And quite useless?

PROFESSOR. Well, never mind that now. You can assure the public that leprosy is quite insignificant compared with this disease of *ours*.

JOURNALIST. It's a much more serious disease than leprosy, Professor?

PROFESSOR. No. No. Only the early symptoms suggest leprosy. A small white spot appears somewhere on the surface of the body. There is a sensation of extreme cold in the affected area but it is quite painless—at first. We call it *Macula marmorea*.

JOURNALIST. And that's why it is known as the White Scourge?

PROFESSOR. Yes. Later it develops on lines peculiar to itself and has no resemblance to *Leprosia maculosa*. Our name for it at the present is Cheng's Disease or *Morbus Chengi*. Dr. Cheng, a former pupil of Charcot, was the first to publish an accurate description of the symptoms. An excellent paper he wrote, too: I, myself, did a review of it for the medical journals. But no one dreamt then that Cheng's disease would become pandemic.

JOURNALIST. Pandemic, Professor?

PROFESSOR. A disease which spreads very rapidly, all over the world. In Europe we rarely have such a problem. But in some parts of the East a new disease crops up almost every year, the result of insanitary conditions.

JOURNALIST. But none of them has yet reached the importance of this particular disease?

PROFESSOR. It's the most deadly disease in history. It has already wiped out five million lives, in addition to the twelve millions who're suffering from it at present, and at least three times as many are going about their daily work, ignorant of the fact that somewhere on their bodies there is a tiny, painless white spot which will ultimately mean death.

JOURNALIST. And yet it's hardly three years ago since the disease first appeared in this part of the world?

PROFESSOR. Yes. By the way, you might like to mention that the first case in Europe was diagnosed here, in my clinic. We're rather proud of that fact, and one important symptom has been called the Sigelius symptom.

JOURNALIST. [*Writing*] Named after you. Thank you, Professor.

PROFESSOR. And we're going ahead. We are going ahead. So far we know that the disease affects only people of forty-five and over.

JOURNALIST. Why is that?

PROFESSOR. Evidently it's more active when the normal organic changes of middle age are taking place.

JOURNALIST. That's very satisfactory, Professor.

PROFESSOR. Ah, so you think it's *satisfactory*, do you? How old are you?

JOURNALIST. Thirty.

PROFESSOR. [*Curtly*] Quite so. If you were fifteen years older you wouldn't think it quite so satisfactory. However, there's another fact we've established, and that is death ensues within three to five months from total sepsis. In my

opinion and the opinion of my school here, which is still proud of being known as the Lilienthal Clinic—— By the way, you might care to mention that Lilienthal was my late father-in-law——

JOURNALIST. Certainly, Professor. What our readers would like to know most of all is how they can protect themselves against this disease.

PROFESSOR. Protect themselves? Impossible. It's out of the question. Why, good heavens, man, it's coming to all of us. Everyone over forty-five is doomed. Naturally it doesn't worry you—yet. You're young, but those of us who have reached the best years of our lives—— [*He does not finish the sentence*] Come here.

[*The JOURNALIST rises and goes to him.*]

Can you see any sign of it on me? Could you swear there isn't a white spot somewhere on my face?

[*The JOURNALIST does not answer.*]

You can't. I can't. But every day, a hundred times a day, I find myself staring into a mirror. So your readers would be interested to know how they can prevent their living bodies from decay, would they? I'd be more than interested myself. [*He walks to window. For a moment his anxiety gets the better of him.*]

[*The JOURNALIST goes back to the table.*]

Good God! All the scientific knowledge in the whole world seems to be useless—useless.

JOURNALIST. Professor, couldn't you give our readers any encouragement, any hope—about the disease?

PROFESSOR. [*Standing at table*] I'm afraid you must tell them that we've got to put up with it until someone finds a cure.

[*The bell of the telephone on the Professor's desk rings. The PROFESSOR picks up the telephone receiver.*]

[*The JOURNALIST turns and picks up hat.*]

PROFESSOR. [*Into telephone*] Hallo? Hallo? Yes, speaking. What's that? You know I can't see anyone . . . A doctor?

What's his name? . . . Dr. Galen? Don't know him. Has he an introduction? . . . No? . . . Does he say what he wants? . . . In the interests of what? . . . Science? They all say that. . . . Oh, let him see my second assistant. . . . What? The fifth time he's been here to try to see me? . . . Very well. I suppose I'd better see him, but tell him I can only spare him three minutes. [*He puts down the telephone and rises*] You see how it is? How can I be expected to concentrate on my work when people won't leave me alone?

JOURNALIST. [*Rising*] I hope I haven't taken up too much of your time.

PROFESSOR. That's all right. Science and the Press should always work together, shouldn't they? So if you want to know anything else, just come to me. [*He rises and shakes hands with the JOURNALIST*] Good morning.

JOURNALIST. I'm much obliged, Professor. Good morning.

[*The JOURNALIST, with a polite bow, exits.*]

[*After a moment there is a knock at the door. The PROFESSOR, seated at his desk, takes up a pen and assumes an attitude of being extremely occupied.*]

PROFESSOR. Come in.

[*DR. GALEN ENTERS. Timidly he stands near the door.*

The PROFESSOR goes on writing without looking up. After a pause he speaks.]

[*Without looking up*] You wish to see me?

GALEN. [*Hesitating*] Yes, Professor. . . . My name is Galen.

PROFESSOR. [*Still writing*] Quite so, Dr. Galen. And what can I do for you? [*Pause*] State your business, please.

GALEN. You see, Professor, I am a general practitioner in a slum district—so I get plenty of—

PROFESSOR. I'm very busy, doctor. Couldn't you come straight to the point?

GALEN. Yes, Professor. It's about the White Scourge.

PROFESSOR. The *Morbus Chengi* I think you mean, Doctor. Our profession at least should use accurate terms.

GALEN. I've read every word that has been written about this disease.

PROFESSOR. Including our publications?

GALEN. Yes.

PROFESSOR. And?

GALEN. I'm afraid they seem to lack—well the——

PROFESSOR. The what?

GALEN. The right method of approach.

PROFESSOR. [*Putting down his pen, the PROFESSOR looks at him patiently*] And you've discovered it, I suppose, doctor?

GALEN. [*Quietly*] Yes, Professor. I've been experimenting. I think I have.

PROFESSOR. Quite so, Dr. Galen. Every time a disease baffles us we try to get a theory about it. That's very usual, isn't it? But if you'll forgive my saying so, a doctor like you, with a strenuous practice, would be well advised to keep to the ordinary approved methods. If you want my opinion, I don't recommend your trying experiments on your patients. There are clinics such as this for the purpose.

GALEN. But that's why I've—come——

PROFESSOR. Please let me finish, doctor. I can only spare you three minutes. Now as regards Cheng's Disease, I should advise you to keep to the usual method for counter-acting the odour, and after that, morphia. As much morphia as necessary. We can't do more than relieve the suffering of our patients, can we? Especially those who are willing to pay in these difficult times. Well, I think that's all I can tell you, doctor. Glad to have seen you.

[*The PROFESSOR takes up his pen and resumes his writing.*]

GALEN stands watching him, trying to pluck up enough courage to speak again.]

GALEN. But, Professor, I——

PROFESSOR. Is there anything else?

GALEN. [*Going towards the desk*] I've found a cure for the White Scourge.

PROFESSOR. [*He goes on writing*] Yes, I know, doctor.

You're about the twentieth person who has come here and told me that. Some of them are doctors, like yourself, but this disease goes on spreading in spite of them.

GALEN. But I've already used my method in hundreds of cases, and most of them have been cured.

PROFESSOR. What percentage?

GALEN. About sixty, and there's a further twenty that I'm not certain about yet.

[*The PROFESSOR puts down his pen with deliberation and addresses GALEN with a show of patience.*]

PROFESSOR. You know, doctor, if you'd said you'd cured a hundred per cent I should have turned you out of here; I should have known you were either a lunatic or a humbug. Now what am I to do about you? Of course it would be a very attractive idea to find a remedy for Cheng's Disease. You'd have more patients in a day than you could deal with in a lifetime; you'd be famous. Why, you might become greater than Pasteur. Greater than Koch, greater even than Lilienthal. I understand. You're overworked, and your wish to cure this disease has become an obsession. It does with a lot of people. Take my advice and go away and take a holiday.

GALEN. Thank you. But I've come to ask you to let me test my treatment here, in your clinic, Professor.

PROFESSOR. Here? You must realize that that's impossible, and well, this is a State clinic—er—you're a foreigner, aren't you? You know the Government's attitude towards aliens? The Marshal is adamant about it.

GALEN. The Marshal himself is——

PROFESSOR. Ssh . . . we mustn't discuss that. Apart from that I don't think Lilienthal himself would have allowed a general practitioner to do research work here. Forgive me putting it so bluntly, but there you are.

GALEN. I'm sure Lilienthal would have given me permission, Professor.

PROFESSOR. Really? And what makes you think that?

GALEN. I was once his assistant.

PROFESSOR. [*Surprised, he rises hurriedly*] You were once—— Why didn't you say that directly you came in? Well, well. So you were assistant to my father-in-law, were you? [*Puzzled*] But it's strange, I don't remember him ever mentioning your name, Dr. Galen.

[*He goes to the window.*]

GALEN. He knew me under my original name of Detina.

[*The PROFESSOR now becomes very friendly.*]

PROFESSOR. Good Lord! So you're Detina! I remember now. He often used to say, "Detina is my best pupil. I'm afraid he's going to leave me." Why on earth did you leave him?

GALEN. There were several reasons. The most important was that I wanted to get married and I couldn't have done that on the pay I was getting.

PROFESSOR. I think you made a mistake. I always tell my pupils that if they want to take up research work they must give up the idea of marrying before their work here is finished, unless, of course, as some of them do—they marry a rich woman. [*He opens a box of cigars and offers them to GALEN*] Sit down, Detina. Will you smoke?

GALEN. No thanks. I've given it up; I've got angina.

PROFESSOR. Really? I hope that it's not as bad as you may think. Would you like me to examine you?

GALEN. Thanks, but I won't bother you. I'm much more concerned about my work at the moment.

PROFESSOR. Then what can I do to help you?

GALEN. What I want is official recognition. I can only get that if you'll give me permission to try my treatment in your clinic. Let me try it on some of the cases whom you feel are hopeless.

PROFESSOR. Hopeless? That's what I feel about them all. But you're asking a great deal. The staff here wouldn't like working with an outsider. But, after all, you were my father-in-law's favourite pupil, and I'll do what I can for you.

I'll tell you what, you explain the details of your treatment to me, and we'll test it clinically, you and I. I'll tell them we're not to be disturbed.

[*The PROFESSOR puts out his hand to take up the telephone but GALEN interrupts.*]

GALEN. I'm sorry, Professor, but until I've made a complete clinical test by myself, I can't tell anyone my treatment.

PROFESSOR. You mean you wouldn't tell even me?

GALEN. Not even you, Professor.

PROFESSOR. You seriously mean that?

GALEN. Yes, Professor.

PROFESSOR. [*Rising*] Then we'll have to drop the whole idea. I'd like to help you, Galen, but what you ask would be against the rules of the clinic, and completely contrary to—professional etiquette.

GALEN. [*Rising*] I understand. But I have my reasons.

PROFESSOR. What are they?

GALEN. I can't tell you them yet.

PROFESSOR. Then I'd better not discuss the matter further. [*He goes to the door*] Well, Dr. Detina, I'm glad to have met you——

GALEN. [*Following him*] Just a moment, please. You can't refuse me. You must let me work at the clinic. It's your responsibility.

PROFESSOR. Why?

GALEN. Because I can vouch for my cure. I give you my word of honour that all I claim for it is true. There's been no recurrence of the symptoms in any of the cases I have cured. Not in a single one. [*He takes a bundle of letters from his pocket*].

[*PROFESSOR opens door.*]

Look at these. They're letters from doctors who've been sending me cases from different parts of the city. Won't you look at these letters, Professor? They're my proof.

PROFESSOR. [*Going to desk he sits at it*] I'm sorry, Galen,

but under the circumstances they wouldn't interest me. I'm not in the position to accept your conditions.

GALEN. [*Pause*] Then you definitely refuse?

PROFESSOR. I'm sorry, but I've no option.

[GALEN *puts the letters back in his pocket and goes towards the door where he turns and faces the PROFESSOR.*]

GALEN. [*At door*] Well——!

PROFESSOR. What?

GALEN. One day you may need my treatment.

PROFESSOR. [*Disturbed*] Stop that, Galen; there was no necessity for you to say that to me. Let me see those letters. [*He rises.*]

GALEN. [*Going to PROFESSOR with letters*] Certainly.

PROFESSOR. [*Looking through the letters*] Yes. [*He takes out one letter*] Good gracious, this is from Dr. Stradella! He was a pupil of mine, I believe. A tall fellow, if I remember rightly?

GALEN. [*Patiently*] Yes, Professor. Very tall.

PROFESSOR. [*Still reading*] Extraordinary. He knows his job, too. [*He looks up at GALEN with more interest but tries not to appear too enthusiastic*] Of course, Galen, these are only G.P.s, but from what they say it seems as if your results are astonishing. [*He pauses for a moment, then makes up his mind, goes to GALEN and returns the letters*] Well, I don't think I can object too strongly on the whole to making a test of your treatment myself in a few cases. I don't think you can ask more than that of me, can you?

GALEN. I appreciate the honour, but——

PROFESSOR. I know. You want to work by yourself for a time. Isn't that so?

GALEN. Yes, Professor. If I can try my treatment in your clinic for a time, that's all I want.

PROFESSOR. Then of course you'll publish the details in the usual way?

GALEN. Yes, under certain conditions.

PROFESSOR. Conditions? What are they?

GALEN. I'd like to discuss them later, if you don't mind.

PROFESSOR. [*Coldly*] I see. What you want me to do is to allow my clinic to endorse your cure, and then you'll reserve yourself the sole right to go on using it. Is that so?

GALEN. Yes, Professor. But as I said——

PROFESSOR. Just a moment, Galen. [*He rings a bell on his desk*] Can't you see it's preposterous to put such a proposal to a clinic of our reputation—of course everyone is entitled to make a legitimate profit out of his own skill—but no doctor worthy of the name would dream of monopolizing the treatment for a horrible disease like this. One might expect it of a tuppenny-halfpenny quack, but you are proposing to break one of the most rigid rules of professional ethics—we all have to earn our livings but we don't suggest bartering for money what should be for the good of us all.

GALEN. But it isn't a question of money, Professor.

PROFESSOR. What else can it be?

GALEN. I can't tell you yet.

PROFESSOR. Then I'm afraid, Dr. Galen, that we have different views of professional conduct. [*He sits*]

[*There is a knock at the door.*]

Come in.

[*The FIRST ASSISTANT enters.*]

FIRST ASSISTANT. You want me, Professor?

PROFESSOR. What wards are our *Morbus Chengi* patients in?

FIRST ASSISTANT. 2, 4, 5 and 12.

PROFESSOR. And what about the non-paying patients?

FIRST ASSISTANT. In Ward 13.

PROFESSOR. And who's in charge of them?

FIRST ASSISTANT. Dr. Peterson.

PROFESSOR. You can tell Dr. Peterson from me that from now on all medical work in Ward 13 will be carried on by Dr. Galen or under his instructions.

FIRST ASSISTANT. [*Astounded*] Yes, Professor, but I don't——

PROFESSOR. [*Curtly*] You don't what?

FIRST ASSISTANT. [*Stammering*] Nothing, Professor.

POWER AND GLORY

PROFESSOR. [*Sharply*] That's good. I thought perhaps you had some objection. You can also tell Dr. Peterson that it'll be no concern of his whatever, how or in what way Dr. Galen treats his patients. Those are my orders. You understand?

FIRST ASSISTANT. Yes, Professor.

PROFESSOR. Very well. That will be all.

[*The FIRST ASSISTANT exits.*]

GALEN. Professor, I don't know how to thank you.

PROFESSOR. I don't want your thanks. I'm doing this solely in the interests of our work. Everything, even the resentment I feel over your attitude, must give way to that. Now, Dr. Galen, I suggest you go and inspect your ward at once. [*He takes up the telephone and speaks into it*] Sister, please take Dr. Galen to Ward 13. [*He puts down the telephone*] Might I ask how long your work here will take?

GALEN. I could finish it in six weeks.

PROFESSOR. Indeed? It seems to me, doctor, that you believe you can work magic as well.

GALEN. [*As he goes towards the door*] I'm very grateful to you, Professor.

PROFESSOR. [*Taking up his pen*] Good morning.

GALEN. [*Turning at the door*] Thank you, good morning.

[*The PROFESSOR looks after him, then he gets up, goes to a mirror on the wall and examines his face intently.*]

PROFESSOR. [*As he looks into the mirror*] No . . . Nothing . . . Nothing yet.

CURTAIN

SCENE 3

That evening.

The scene is the sitting-room of a comfortable middle-class family. The FATHER is reading a newspaper, the MOTHER is knitting and the DAUGHTER is seated on the couch, absorbed in a novel.

FATHER. [*Seated at the table*] It's about time they gave the White Scourge a rest. We've got enough worries of our own, without the newspapers giving us more.

MOTHER. I hear that old woman on the third floor is very ill. They won't allow anyone near her now. It's the plague they say.

FATHER. Of course it isn't. [*Reading the paper*] This interview with Professor Sigelius shows he's taken the right sort of attitude. He bears out everything I've said.

MOTHER. What *have* you said, dear?

FATHER. Aren't I always saying that all this talk about leprosy is all rubbish! There've been one or two cases and the papers have worked it up into a stunt. People go to bed for a couple of days with a cold and think they're dying of the White Scourge. Rubbish!

MOTHER. My sister says that hundreds of people have died of it where she lives.

FATHER. Rubbish! Just a silly scare.

MOTHER. More coffee, dear?

[*Singing softly, the MOTHER exits.*]

DAUGHTER. Mother seems happy to-night, doesn't she? How did you get on with the match?

FATHER. Not so badly. We beat them eleven to ten. It all depended on me for the last, and I got a Jack Header.

[*The MOTHER enters.*]

[*She pours out coffee which she hands to FATHER.*]

MOTHER. Here you are, dear.

FATHER. Thank you, dear.

MOTHER. Who was the match against?

FATHER. We were playing the foundry.

MOTHER. And the counting-house won?

FATHER. We did. That makes you proud of the old man, eh? Yes, a Jack Header. It wasn't easy, mind you, and that means the counting-house holds the cup for another year.

MOTHER. [*Reading the paper*] They say the disease started in the East.

FATHER. That proves just what I've always said. These Eastern countries ought to be annexed. Law and order and everything like that. I don't know why we've put up with them so long. They're a menace to decent people. Nothing but starvation and slums, and no proper drains.

MOTHER. They say it's so infectious you can catch it by shaking hands.

FATHER. [*He glances at the newspaper*] It's infectious, is it? In that case I reckon something ought to be done about it, and quick.

MOTHER. But what, dear?

FATHER. Shut those lepers up. As soon as anyone shows any sign of it, off he ought to go to a compound or something. [*Pause*] They've no right to let that old woman lie about upstairs; it's outrageous.

MOTHER. I don't like to think of her being all by herself. Poor old thing! I wonder if I ought to take her up some soup?

FATHER. You certainly won't. Do you want to catch the thing, too, and give it to us? A fine look-out that would be. What you want to do is to put some disinfectant on that staircase.

MOTHER. Disinfect it with what, dear?

[*The FATHER does not answer; he is absorbed in the newspaper again.*]

FATHER. [*Reading newspaper*] This chap's crazy.

MOTHER. Who?

FATHER. This reporter chap. They oughtn't to allow stuff like this to be printed. The damn silly fool.

MOTHER. What's he done, dear?

FATHER. He says no one's safe from it, and that everyone round about fifty catches it sooner or later.

MOTHER. Let me see.

[*The FATHER rises angrily, throws the newspaper on to the table, goes to sideboard and then crosses to fireplace.*]

FATHER. It beats me why the papers are allowed to publish such trash. I'll stop taking that paper in future, but I'll tell them what I think first.

MOTHER. [*Who has picked up the paper and glanced at the interview*] But it was the professor himself who said that people round about fifty——

FATHER. I don't care who said it. The idea's preposterous with science and civilization and everything. Anyone would think we were living in the Dark Ages, having infections like that let loose. [*He pauses and reflects for a moment*] Of course, there was a man in our office who died of it, and he was only forty-five. It'd be a nice thing if only people round about fifty did catch it. But why at that age? Why?

DAUGHTER. [*Looking up from her novel*] Why, father?

[*The FATHER turns to his DAUGHTER.*]

To give the younger ones a chance to make a living, I suppose. There're so many old people living nowadays that we've hardly elbow room.

FATHER. That's a charming thing to say. [*To his wife*] Did you hear that? [*To the DAUGHTER*] Oh, so your parents haven't worked their fingers to the bone to clothe you and feed you as well as they can, have they? Oh dear no. They've only been a burden to you—stood in your way, and now, when they've spent their lives working for you, they can just die to give you elbow-room. I see. Where do you get your bright ideas from, eh?

POWER AND GLORY

MOTHER. She didn't mean that, dear.

FATHER. But she said it, didn't she? [*To the DAUGHTER*] Oh yes, it'd be very convenient for you if your Father and Mother had to die when they were fifty, wouldn't it?

DAUGHTER. There's no necessity to take it as if I meant you personally.

FATHER. How the hell am I to take it then? If you're so keen on people having to die when they're fifty, how do you expect me to take it? Give you three cheers or what?

DAUGHTER. I was only talking generally. After all, it's almost impossible for young people to get a real start in life nowadays. There aren't enough jobs to go round. It's about time something did happen, so that the people of my age can make a decent living and have a home of their own.

FATHER. Well, of all the——

MOTHER. In a way, dear, she's right.

FATHER. Oh she is, is she? Just fancy that. [*To the DAUGHTER*] So we've got to catch leprosy and die with as little fuss as possible, just for your convenience, have we?

[*The SON enters, puts his hat on sideboard, and moves down to MOTHER.*]

How very nice for you.

SON. Hallo! What's up?

MOTHER. Oh, nothing, dear. Your father's been reading something in the paper about this White Scourge and it's upset him, that's all.

SON. [*Going up to sideboard and getting a glass of beer*] But why?

DAUGHTER. Just because I said that sooner or later something's got to happen to make room for people of our age.

SON. [*Sitting near fire*] That's a silly thing to get upset about. I'm surprised at you, father. Everyone's saying things like that nowadays.

POWER AND GLORY

FATHER. [*Going to the sideboard and getting a glass of beer*] Everyone? A pack of silly young fools. And you think the same, I suppose?

SON. How can I help it?

[*The FATHER sits at the table.*]

If it wasn't for this leprosy I'm blessed if I know what most chaps of my age would do for a job. As for girls, lots of them haven't an earthly chance—even to get married.

DAUGHTER. Exactly.

SON. What about me?

FATHER. You?

SON. What's the use of my swotting away like blazes to get my finals when I may not get a job afterwards unless there's a war pretty soon?

FATHER. It's about time you swotted at something. Things're getting much too serious nowadays for you to lounge about all day and do nothing but eat your head off.

SON. Is that so? Well, even the chaps who have passed their exams can't get anything to do. Still, things are going to be different now.

FATHER. When enough people of my age start getting killed off by the White Scourge, I suppose?

SON. [*Rising*] Oh, they've started all right. The point is, they mustn't stop too soon.

[*The SON lights a cigarette and smiles defiantly at his furious FATHER.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE 4

A month later.

SCENE. *The Clinic. The corridor leading to Wards 12 and 13. The doors of these wards can be seen.*

The PROFESSOR enters, followed by a group of distinguished MEDICAL MEN of various nationalities, and by the FIRST and SECOND ASSISTANTS. The PROFESSOR is obviously very pleased with life.

PROFESSOR. Gentlemen, here are the two most important wards in the clinic. I'm sure they will interest you. *Par ici, chers confrères. Ich bitte, meine verehrten Herren Kollegen, herein zutreten.*

[With an air of genial pride the PROFESSOR opens the door of Ward 13 and ushers in the DOCTORS. The FIRST and SECOND ASSISTANTS remain in the corridor. The door of No. 13 closes. The FIRST ASSISTANT goes nearer to the SECOND ASSISTANT and speaks confidentially.]

FIRST ASSISTANT. These personally conducted tours of the old boy's are taking longer and longer.

SECOND ASSISTANT. I shan't get any food at all if he doesn't hurry.

[He sits on a bench.]

FIRST ASSISTANT. If Galen stays here much longer the old boy'll go off his head with pride.

SECOND ASSISTANT. It gives him a chance to show off his languages.

FIRST ASSISTANT. You wait till Galen's cures get back on the sick list again.

SECOND ASSISTANT. Why should they?

FIRST ASSISTANT. Well, if he's so certain his treatment is O.K., why all this secrecy? Anyway, I've seen enough of this place. I'm getting out. *[He lights cigarette]*

SECOND ASSISTANT. No smoking.

FIRST ASSISTANT. I should worry.

SECOND ASSISTANT. Why?

FIRST ASSISTANT. I've heard of some consulting rooms in the right district, so I'm going to set up a nice little practice on my own. And, I might tell you, I'm going to specialize in Cheng's Disease.

SECOND ASSISTANT. Using Galen's treatment, I suppose?

FIRST ASSISTANT. The Lilienthal Clinic method. Now they've started making a fuss about the results here I ought to be able to cash in on it.

SECOND ASSISTANT. Fat lot you know about Galen's treatment.

FIRST ASSISTANT. I know enough to suit me. [*He rises*] The Sister in Ward 13 gave me a tip the other day. She told me that Galen uses a mustard-coloured injection, so I got all the sedatives we've been using in the other wards, mixed them together and coloured them yellow. Not a bad idea, eh?

SECOND ASSISTANT. What's the good of that?

FIRST ASSISTANT. It does no harm. I've tried it on myself. As a matter of fact, it does relieve patients—for a time. So when I get away from here I'm making a start with that. [*He rises, goes to door of Ward 13, and listens*] Did you hear the old boy? [*He imitates the PROFESSOR*] "Gentlemen, for certain reasons which we're unable to state, we can't publish the details of our method at present——" The artful old devil! He knows just as much about the treatment as I do. Well, anyway, he's got the gift of the gab, and that's something nowadays. [*A thought strikes him*] Good Lord! You don't think Galen will let the cat out of the bag about his treatment before I can get started, do you?

SECOND ASSISTANT. It will save the lives of some of your patients if he does.

FIRST ASSISTANT. Well, I'm not going to worry about that now. The old boy made Galen promise that he wouldn't

use his treatment on private cases while he was working here. So long as that lasts I shall do very nicely, thank you.

[*He sits on bench.*]

SECOND ASSISTANT. Galen'll keep his word all right.

FIRST ASSISTANT. The man's a loony. He's shut up shop where he was, and he won't accept a penny here. Goodness knows what he lives on. The sister in Ward 13 says he never seems to have enough to eat.

SECOND ASSISTANT. All he seems to have are a few stale rolls he carries round in his pocket.

FIRST ASSISTANT. Did you hear that when the sister was going to take him some lunch the other day the Superintendent wouldn't let her because he wasn't on the rations list?

SECOND ASSISTANT. There's some reason why Galen won't tell anyone what his cure is. D'you know, the other day I asked him to have a look at my mother; she's got a white spot on her neck. He said he couldn't do anything about it because he's given the Professor his word of honour that he wouldn't attend anyone who isn't a patient of the clinic—he seemed sorry.

FIRST ASSISTANT. What did you do?

SECOND ASSISTANT. I went to the Professor and asked him to make an exception, seeing it was my mother.

FIRST ASSISTANT. What did the old boy say?

SECOND ASSISTANT. "Sir, I make no exceptions in my clinic." Blast him!

FIRST ASSISTANT. He didn't—the old ——

[*He rises hurriedly.*]

[*The PROFESSOR, followed by the MEDICAL MEN, enters from Ward 13. The MEDICAL MEN are obviously amazed and delighted by what they have seen.*]

FIRST DOCTOR. Congratulations, Professor! Marvellous.

THIRD DOCTOR. Mes félicitations, mon ami. C'est un miracle.

SECOND DOCTOR. Wirklich überraschend. Ja! es ist erstaunlich!

[*The DOCTORS move towards the exit, talking as they go. The FOURTH DOCTOR lingers behind the others to talk to the PROFESSOR.*]

FOURTH DOCTOR. [*To the PROFESSOR*] I congratulate you, Professor. Your work is a brilliant success.

PROFESSOR. [*Modestly*] The credit is entirely due to the clinic.

FOURTH DOCTOR. By the way, that little fellow in that ward, who was he?

PROFESSOR. In Ward 13? Oh, he's a doctor. His name is— [*he hesitates*] Let me see, his name's Galen.

FOURTH DOCTOR. An assistant of yours, I suppose?

PROFESSOR. No. I—er—just let him potter about. I gather he's keen on seeing how we treat Cheng's Disease here. He was one of Lilienthal's old pupils.

FOURTH DOCTOR. Well, your success has been nothing short of phenomenal. By the way, I want to ask you a favour. There's one of my leprosy patients who's rather a special case. He's—

[*He whispers something to the PROFESSOR.*]

PROFESSOR. [*With an expression of surprise and sympathy*] Indeed? I'm sorry.

FOURTH DOCTOR. May I send him to see you?

PROFESSOR. By all means. Just tell—er—your patient to come along and ask for me personally. Of course, so far we haven't started using our cure for private patients, but—

FOURTH DOCTOR. I quite understand, Professor—but—

PROFESSOR.—As he's a friend of yours—

FOURTH DOCTOR. —And considering who the patient is, I'm very much obliged.

PROFESSOR. Not at all. Only too glad to do what I can.

[*The PROFESSOR and FOURTH DOCTOR go out. When they have gone the FIRST ASSISTANT turns to the SECOND ASSISTANT.*]

POWER AND GLORY

FIRST ASSISTANT. Did you hear that? I bet that's going to cost someone a pretty penny.

[*The door of Ward 13 opens and GALEN pokes his head out.*]

GALEN. Have they gone?

SECOND ASSISTANT. Just gone. Anything you want, doctor?

GALEN. No. Thanks all the same.

FIRST ASSISTANT. [*To the SECOND ASSISTANT*] Come on. If we don't nip off now we'll get no food at all.

[*The FIRST and SECOND ASSISTANTS go out. GALEN, when they have gone, looks round cautiously, and when he is sure he is alone, takes a roll of bread out of his pocket and sits on the bench. In a few moments the PROFESSOR enters. He is still very elated.*]

PROFESSOR. Ah, Galen! The very man I wanted to see. I congratulate you. You've evidently made a great impression. [*Sits by GALEN*] The whole thing's a magnificent success.

GALEN. [*Still munching the bread hungrily*] Perhaps we ought to wait a little while longer, Professor, before being so sure.

PROFESSOR. By all means, but the results are so astonishing that I can't help feeling optimistic. I hear that the Marshal himself is going to pay us a surprise visit. By the way—before I forget, you're going to treat a private patient.

GALEN. I thought it was understood I'm not carrying on any private practice, Professor?

PROFESSOR. I know, my dear chap, and I thoroughly agree with your attitude. But I have specially chosen this particular case for you.

GALEN. Why?

PROFESSOR. An important patient, my dear Galen.

GALEN. [*Quietly*] When I started work here it was agreed that I wouldn't treat anyone but my patients in Ward 13.

POWER AND GLORY

PROFESSOR. Quite so; but we must make an exception in this particular case.

GALEN. I'm sorry, Professor. I shan't treat anyone outside until I have finished my work here.

PROFESSOR. But look here, Galen, I'm already committed to this.

GALEN. I'm extremely sorry.

PROFESSOR. [*Rising*] I'm in charge of my own clinic, and as long as I continue to be so I shall decide what is to be done by those working here.

GALEN. [*Rising*] Then if you care to put this patient of yours into Ward 13, there should be no difficulty at all.

PROFESSOR. [*Astounded*] Put my patient where?

GALEN. Into Ward 13. I'm afraid it'll have to be a bed on the floor. There isn't another vacant.

PROFESSOR. [*Going to him*] Don't be ridiculous, Galen. I can't just shove a patient like this into the clinic, especially into Ward 13. Don't you realize he's extremely wealthy—an important man? [*With an attempt to be calm*] Now listen, doctor. Do try and be reasonable.

GALEN. I shall carry out my work only in Ward 13, Professor. [*Going up to door of Ward 13 where he turns to the PROFESSOR*] Now, if you don't mind, I'll get back to my patients. Your visitors took up rather a lot of my time.

PROFESSOR. But—you're impossible, doctor.

[*GALEN turns towards Ward 13.*]

GALEN. Thank you, Professor.

[*GALEN goes quickly into Ward 13. Furious, the PROFESSOR stares at the closed door.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE 5

A few days later. Morning.

SCENE. *The corridor, same as previous scene. A GUARD OF HONOUR, a squad of men in white overalls, and lined up two deep. A HIGH OFFICIAL, who is very conscious of his own importance, is labouring under suppressed excitement. Obviously something most important is about to occur. The HIGH OFFICIAL glances anxiously at the clock. Suddenly the SECOND ASSISTANT rushes in breathlessly.*

SECOND ASSISTANT. *[Entering]* Sir!

HIGH OFFICIAL. Yes?

SECOND ASSISTANT. The Marshal is just arriving.

HIGH OFFICIAL. Well gentlemen, we'd better go over the procedure again. All wards but these two—are to be locked, and the entire staff is to parade in the entrance hall.

SECOND ASSISTANT. They are there now, sir.

HIGH OFFICIAL. Then you had better go back.

[The SECOND ASSISTANT dashes out excitedly.]

Gentlemen—the Marshal will be here in a moment.

[The MEN in overalls spring to attention with military precision.]

Your orders are that no visitors are to pass except the Marshal and his party.

[At this moment the sound of the guard saluting outside can be heard.]

The Marshal has arrived.

The MEN jump to attention. The HIGH OFFICIAL gives them one last look to see that they are in good military order and then retires discreetly to the background. A sister emerges from the door of Ward 13 and exits. The MEN continue to stand at attention. There is silence for a few moments, then

the sounds of a speech of welcome being given to the MARSHAL on his arrival at the main entrance can be heard. Then after a pause, the MARSHAL enters briskly. He comes to centre, followed by the PROFESSOR, PAUL, GENERAL, CAPTAIN and ADJUTANT, and others. The PROFESSOR talks as the procession proceeds.]

PROFESSOR. [*Indicating the door of Ward 12*] This is Ward 12, which we keep for experimental cases only. Those who have Cheng's Disease, your Excellency. We are treating them with a different treatment from our own so that we can compare the results.

MARSHAL. I understand. I'll see them.

[He goes to the door of Ward 12.]

PROFESSOR. But your Excellency, I—I feel I must warn you. The disease is very infectious, and [*he hesitates*] —er, not only that, but the patients in that ward, in their present state, are somewhat repellent—and not only in appearance.

MARSHAL. [*At the door*] Soldiers and doctors have to put up with little things like that, Professor. I'll see them.

[The MARSHAL enters Ward 12, the PROFESSOR follows, holding the door open for him respectfully. The others in the party follow. After the door has closed on them we hear nothing for a moment but the voice of the MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT in Ward 12, explaining the cases. Then suddenly the door of Ward 12 is flung open and the GENERAL, helped by the SECOND ASSISTANT, comes quickly out.]

GENERAL. It's horrible! Horrible! No one should be allowed to see these people. Thank God for some air!

[He collapses on to the bench.]

ADJUTANT. [*Walking up and down agitatedly*] It's scandalous! The Professor has no right to let people go into a hell like that.

PAUL. It's ghastly!

MINISTER OF HEALTH. Revolting! I must get out of this.

[He exits.]

CAPTAIN. Pull yourself together. You'll be all right!

GENERAL. And the Marshal is still inside. How on earth can he stand it?

PAUL. I don't know. I thought I should be sick if I stayed in another moment.

ADJUTANT. [*Furious*] What on earth made those fools let the Marshal go in there? They could have kept the whole thing from him. I'll make someone sorry for this.

PAUL. [*Stammering with fear*]. Did you see—that—that—man by the window?

GENERAL. [*Rising*] For God's sake don't talk about it. I hope never to see such a sight again as long as I live. I've seen ghastly sights in my time, but never anything like that.

ADJUTANT. Look out——

[*They jump to attention as the MARSHAL enters, followed by the PROFESSOR and the DOCTORS. The MARSHAL is quite calm and undisturbed, but he notices how disturbed the others are.*]

MARSHAL. Well, gentlemen? Not exactly pleasant, was it? [*To the PROFESSOR*] Shall we go on?

PROFESSOR. [*Going to the door of Ward 13*] I think, your Excellency, Ward 13 will interest you. It is run very differently from the ward you have just seen. We are using a new treatment of our own in there. Perhaps your Excellency would care to see the results for yourself?

[*The MARSHAL nods his assent. The PROFESSOR opens the door of Ward 13 for him. The MARSHAL enters, followed by the PROFESSOR and the DOCTORS. The military men and the others hesitate, and then, one by one, plucking up their courage, go in. The door closes; there is silence but for the distant voice of the PROFESSOR as he explains the cure.*]

[*Then a protesting voice can be heard from offstage.*]

MAN'S VOICE. Keep back! You can't go in there.

GALEN'S VOICE. I must! Let me go! I must go in!

[*The HIGH OFFICIAL comes forward as TWO MEN in white overalls, struggling with GALEN, enter.*]

POWER AND GLORY

HIGH OFFICIAL. What is it? Keep quiet, can't you? [*He sees Galen.*] Who let him in here? [*To GALEN*] What do you want?

GALEN. I must get to my patients.

[*The SECOND ASSISTANT enters.*]

HIGH OFFICIAL. [*To SECOND ASSISTANT*] Do you know this man?

SECOND ASSISTANT. It's Dr. Galen, Sir.

HIGH OFFICIAL. Doctor who? Is he anything to do with this place?

SECOND ASSISTANT. He works in Ward 13.

HIGH OFFICIAL. [*To GALEN*] I beg your pardon, doctor. [*To the MEN*] Let him go in. [*He then turns to GALEN curtly*] You should have been here an hour ago. Those were the orders.

GALEN. I hadn't time. I've been busy making up some medicine for my patients.

HIGH OFFICIAL. That's hardly an excuse, doctor. Perhaps you don't realize that the Marshal is in your ward. You'd better get in there at once.

SECOND ASSISTANT. [*Whispering to the HIGH OFFICIAL*] Dr. Galen was not officially invited, sir.

[*GALEN goes towards Ward 13.*]

HIGH OFFICIAL. Oh, I see. [*To GALEN*] I think you'd better stay here with me, doctor. You can't go in the ward until the Marshal has inspected it.

GALEN. But I must. My patients——

HIGH OFFICIAL. I'm afraid not. Come with me.

GALEN. I must. I tell you——

[*The HIGH OFFICIAL and the TWO MEN in overalls force the protesting GALEN out of the corridor. A moment later the MARSHAL, PROFESSOR, and others enter from Ward 13.*]

MARSHAL. Congratulations, Professor. Your work in there is nothing short of a miracle.

[*Gratified, the PROFESSOR beams, just as the MINISTER OF HEALTH steps forward importantly, stands in front of*

the MARSHAL and begins to deliver an "impromptu" speech of thanks, surreptitiously consulting a paper on which it is written.]

MINISTER OF HEALTH. Your Excellency, Marshal of the Army and Leader of our People, whom we shall always hold in our hearts with gratitude and affection, allow me on the behalf of the Ministry of Health to thank you for this great honour you have paid us to-day by visiting this hospital. It is my privilege to——

MARSHAL. Thank you. [*He cuts short the speech by turning to the PROFESSOR*] But it's you who should be thanked, Professor.

[*The PROFESSOR is more than pleased by this tribute.*]

PROFESSOR. Your Excellency, I wish I could find words to express my gratitude. The Staff of Lilienthal's Clinic will always treasure the memory of your visit to-day.

[*The others shout in unison, "Hear! Hear! The Marshal!"*]
We men of science realize how insignificant are our merits in comparison with those of a Leader who has averted a far worse scourge than that which we're trying to cure here—the scourge of anarchy, the disease of barbarian liberty which is in danger of spreading over the world . . .

[*The others shout in unison "Hear! Hear! the Marshal!"*]
the leprosy of national corruption, the plague of subversive activities which, until you led us, had begun to affect the whole organism of this country and brought it almost to racial death.

[*There are murmurs of "Hear! Hear!"*]
So, as a doctor, I feel I must take this opportunity to thank the greatest doctor the world has known; a doctor who has saved us from a fatal national disease by means of a treatment which, although sometimes severe, was always for our ultimate good.

[*He bows politely to the MARSHAL.*]

[*There are cries of "Hear! Hear! The Marshal!" from the others present. The MARSHAL shakes hands with the PROFESSOR.*]

POWER AND GLORY

MARSHAL. Thank you, Professor. By your work here recently you've achieved the magnificent.

PROFESSOR. [*Modestly*] Thank you, your Excellency.

[*The MARSHAL exits briskly, followed by the GENERAL, PAUL, ADJUTANT, CAPTAIN, MINISTER OF HEALTH and the PROFESSOR.*]

HIGH OFFICIAL. Gentlemen, that is all, thank you——

[*The MEN in overalls march off.*]

[*The SECOND ASSISTANT rushes in.*]

HIGH OFFICIAL. Where're those newspaper men?

SECOND ASSISTANT. In one of the waiting-rooms, sir.

HIGH OFFICIAL. You'd better fetch them in now.

[*The SECOND ASSISTANT exits towards the waiting-room, the HIGH OFFICIAL goes out towards the main exit.*]

[*The voice of the SECOND ASSISTANT can be heard off stage*]. This way, this way! Professor Sigelius will see you in a moment.

[*A party of JOURNALISTS, preceded by the SECOND ASSISTANT enter. He indicates Ward 12.*]

This is Ward 12. Whilst you're waiting you can see what the Marshal has just seen. If you like you can see how the White Scourge develops when it's not treated by our method, but if you take my tip you won't bother.

[*The JOURNALISTS open the door of Ward 12.*]

FIRST JOURNALIST. [*As they retreat from the Ward*] It's horrible. For God's sake, who could go in there?

SECOND JOURNALIST. Let's get out of this. . . . It's awful.

THIRD JOURNALIST. A nightmare. Do you mean to say the Marshal risked that?

SECOND ASSISTANT. He did.

FIRST JOURNALIST. [*Pulling himself together*] I suppose they're all as good as finished in there?

SECOND ASSISTANT. Afraid so. But in Ward 13, you can see for yourselves the results of a few weeks of our own

treatment. [*He opens the door of Ward 13*] You can go in. There's nothing to be frightened of.

[*The JOURNALISTS, after some hesitation, go into No. 13, and SECOND ASSISTANT closes the door behind them and sits on the bench as GALEN enters.*]

GALEN. [*Going to the door of Ward 13*] I suppose I can get back to my work now?

ASSISTANT. Yes. . . . You know, there's no doubt about it—he's a great man.

GALEN. Who?

SECOND ASSISTANT. The Marshal. He stayed in there for two minutes.

GALEN. [*With faint sarcasm*] Heroic!

[*GALEN goes into Ward 13. The PROFESSOR enters—very elated.*]

SECOND ASSISTANT. [*Rising*] The newspaper men are in Ward 13, Professor.

PROFESSOR. I don't want to be bothered with newspapers now. But I suppose I'd better give them three minutes.

SECOND ASSISTANT. Very good, Professor. [*Opening the door of Ward 13*] Gentlemen, the Professor is here.

[*The JOURNALISTS come out of Ward 13, obviously surprised by what they have just seen.*]

JOURNALISTS. [*Together*] It's amazing. . . . The whole ward is an astounding achievement. . . . What is this cure? Who discovered it?

SECOND ASSISTANT. Professor Sigelius will explain to you.

PROFESSOR. Gentlemen [*the PROFESSOR addresses the JOURNALISTS in a voice of emotion*] you must forgive me if I appear under the stress of emotion. If, a few minutes ago you'd seen, as I did, our Marshal's great compassion, and at the same time, wonderful courage, as he walked through these wards, went near to those unhappy people, you'd understand how I feel. It was an experience I shall never forget, gentlemen. Never.

FIRST JOURNALIST. What did the Marshal say, Professor?

PROFESSOR. He praised our work here in terms which, from anyone else, would have been flattery.

SECOND ASSISTANT. Professor, I'd like to tell them what the Marshal actually said. [*He turns to the JOURNALISTS*] He said, "Your work is nothing short of a miracle, Professor. It's you who should be thanked. You've achieved the magnificent."

PROFESSOR. [*Modestly*] I'm afraid the Marshal somewhat over-estimated the value of my own work here, but I can tell you now that an infallible cure for what is known as the White Scourge has been discovered. I'm more than proud, gentlemen, that this cure has been a success for our nation; and that it was made in my own clinic, the Lilienthal Clinic.

[GALEN, *looking very tired, appears in the doorway of Ward 13. The PROFESSOR sees him and goes to him.*]

[*Genially*] Ah! There you are, Galen; come here. [*To the JOURNALISTS*] This is another of our workers—our fighters, against the disease. In our work personal success is of little importance. We all sink that for the benefit of humanity as a whole. [*To GALEN*] Don't be shy, Galen. [*To the JOURNALISTS*] We have all done our duty here, even the most junior nurses, so I'm more than happy, on a great day like this to pay a public tribute to all my fellow workers.

[GALEN *stands silent, listening.*]

FIRST JOURNALIST. Professor, can you give us details of your cure?

PROFESSOR. You mustn't call it mine. It's not mine. It is the Lilienthal Clinic method. What that is we shall give to the whole medical world very soon. I can't give any further particulars at the moment. But if you really want to celebrate this great occasion, you should devote your space to our great Leader, who has once again proved himself a hero. I'm afraid that's all I can say now. My

patients are waiting for me. Good day. If I can be of any further use to you, don't hesitate to let me know.

[*The PROFESSOR exits hurriedly. The JOURNALISTS prepare to leave.*]

JOURNALISTS. Well, that's about all, isn't it?

[*GALEN comes forward and prevents them leaving.*]

GALEN. Excuse me, gentlemen, there's just one thing more for you to say.

FIRST JOURNALIST. Yes?

GALEN. Say that I'm Dr. Galen, a doctor from the slums——

FIRST JOURNALIST. What's the idea? Who're we to say it to?

GALEN. To all the kings and rulers of the world. Tell them that I appeal to them to stop wars.

[*The JOURNALISTS look at him astounded.*]

THIRD JOURNALIST. But look here, old man. Why should we?

GALEN. You see, I served as a doctor in the last war and my one ambition is that there should be no more wars. Will you tell them that?

FIRST JOURNALIST. [*Genially*] But what would be the use, old man? You don't think they'd take any notice of you, do you?

GALEN. They must.

[*The JOURNALISTS look at GALEN puzzled.*]

SECOND JOURNALIST. Who says so?

GALEN. I do. The cure for Cheng's Disease is mine. No one else knows what it is, and I shan't disclose it unless they promise that war ends for ever. Tell them that. Say it's my ultimatum.

THIRD JOURNALIST. A good story, but it's a little too tall for the papers.

GALEN. If you don't believe what I say you can ask anybody here in the clinic. Tell them that their living bodies will rot away. Tell them that the disease knows no

distinction of race or position. It'll come to everyone. No one can escape it.

SECOND JOURNALIST. Yes, but even if what you say were true, would you let the whole world die of the White Scourge?

GALEN. Why not, if those in power would let the human race be exterminated by war. What's the difference? If men will go on murdering each other with bullets and poison gas, why should doctors be expected to try and save them from any other death? If you knew how difficult it is at times to save even a child's life. And now they are talking about war again, as if it were some glorious ambition for which they were born into the world.

THIRD JOURNALIST. But why are you so much against war?

GALEN. Because I believe that every human life is sacred.

FIRST JOURNALIST. [*Going to him*] Yes, but how are you going to set about it?

GALEN. It's very simple—if all the nations will bind themselves, so that there shall be no more war, I will give them my cure. All you have to do is to say to the public, "You needn't be afraid. A cure for this awful disease exists. Make your rulers join together and find a way to an enduring peace which can never be broken."

SECOND JOURNALIST. Not a hope. It's been tried. There isn't an important country to-day that'd do it.

GALEN. Isn't there? They'd rather let their people be wiped out by a horrible death, eh? Let millions suffer unnecessarily? But do you think those millions will put up with it? And remember that the living bodies of the men who hold world power will rot away unless they agree to what I ask. Tell them that. That'll frighten them if anything will.

FIRST JOURNALIST. And in spite of that, if not a single Government agrees?

GALEN. In that case I should never tell anyone the secret of my cure.

[*The SECOND ASSISTANT exits.*]

POWER AND GLORY

FIRST JOURNALIST. And what would you do?

GALEN. I should go back and heal the people in the slums.

FIRST JOURNALIST. Why only the slums?

GALEN. Because the people there are so helpless; they have to fight and pay for wars they neither make nor want.

FIRST JOURNALIST. And you'd refuse to cure any rich people?

GALEN. I should feel it my duty to refuse. The rich are powerful, aren't they? If the powerful and rich really want peace it is theirs for the asking, and if the money were spent on bettering social conditions instead of on armaments and the preparation for war. . . .

[*The PROFESSOR enters hurriedly.*]

PROFESSOR. Gentlemen, I must ask you to excuse us. I am in charge of this clinic. Will you please go at once. Dr. Galen is suffering from overwork.

GALEN. That's a lie—a silly lie!

PROFESSOR. He's very near to a nervous breakdown. You'll please forget anything he may have said to you!

FIRST JOURNALIST. But it's very interesting, Professor.

JOURNALISTS. Yes!

FIRST JOURNALIST. We'd like to know more.

PROFESSOR. I'm sorry. If you refuse to go, may I remind you that behind those doors there is a very contagious and awful disease?

ANOTHER JOURNALIST. We were just getting a good story, Professor.

PROFESSOR. Dr. Galen has no more to say.

THIRD JOURNALIST. We shan't keep him much longer. Only a few more questions——

PROFESSOR. [*To the SECOND ASSISTANT*] Dr. Peterson, please show these gentlemen out.

JOURNALISTS. But—Professor——

PROFESSOR. I've warned you—this place is dangerous.

ANOTHER JOURNALIST. We know that. What we want——

PROFESSOR. [*Sharply*] Dr. Peterson, please show these gentlemen out.

[*The JOURNALISTS look from the silent GALEN to the PROFESSOR who stands near him. They see that to stay any longer would be useless.*]

JOURNALISTS. Oh, very well. Come on.

[*The JOURNALISTS, ushered off by the SECOND ASSISTANT, go, protesting. The PROFESSOR turns to GALEN with suppressed fury.*]

PROFESSOR. [*To GALEN*] Galen, are you mad? I won't put up with this ridiculous talk here. Don't you realize that you could be arrested for it? Fortunately, I can explain it away to the authorities—say that you're suffering from overwork.

GALEN. You know I'm not.

PROFESSOR. I think you'd better come with me, hadn't you?

GALEN. What for?

PROFESSOR. You'll give me your formula and the exact details of your treatment, then you can go away for a rest.

GALEN. I'm sorry, Professor. I've stated my condition publicly now.

PROFESSOR. You're either crazy or you're determined to be arrested on a charge of treason. Don't you realize the political situation?

GALEN. I do.

PROFESSOR. Well, you're a doctor. It's your duty to cure the sick. That's all you have to think of.

GALEN. And a doctor shouldn't try to stop people killing each other?

PROFESSOR. I won't have nonsense like that talked here. We've no time for fantastic humanitarian ideals these days. This is a State institution. We've got to work for science and the nation.

GALEN. [*Going to him*] Do you see any reason why this nation shouldn't make lasting peace with the world?

POWER AND GLORY

PROFESSOR. Don't be ridiculous, Galen. You are talking like an Englishman. Now I'm going to ask you for the last time. Will you tell me, as head of this clinic, the details of your treatment?

GALEN. No. I can't do that.

PROFESSOR. Then I've no option but to ask you to go at once.

GALEN. Just as you wish, Professor. I can only say how sorry I am.

PROFESSOR. And do you think I'm not? Do you imagine that I'm not sorry for thousands of people who'll have to die because you refuse to let me help them? Do you think I don't realize the ridiculous position you've placed me in? I've told the whole world that this clinic has been the means of finding a cure for this disease. My reputation will be a laughing stock. But whatever happens, I'd rather face the ruin of my career than put up with your intolerable blackmail. I'd rather let the whole world perish from this disease than tolerate your abominable pacifism for one moment.

GALEN. But surely that is hardly the way for a doctor to talk?

PROFESSOR. I'm not merely a doctor. I'm a servant of my country. Good-bye, Dr. Galen.

GALEN. I'm sorry, Professor. Good-bye.

[GALEN goes slowly out. The PROFESSOR is left watching his retreating figure.]

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE I

That evening.

SCENE. *Same as Act One, Scene 3.*

The FATHER enters.

The MOTHER is ironing clothes at a table. She is quiet, more subdued than before. Round her neck is a shawl.

FATHER. [*Holding up a newspaper*] I say, they've found a cure for this leprosy!

MOTHER. Have they?

FATHER. The paper says so.

MOTHER. Oh, I'm so glad.

FATHER. It's turned out just as I said. Civilization being what it is today, I knew they'd find something soon. Between ourselves, I was getting a bit scared.

MOTHER. [*Quietly*] Were you, dear?

FATHER. Yes, I was. But they've found a cure, so I might as well tell you my own news. What do you think happened today?

MOTHER. [*As she turns to smile*] What, dear?

FATHER. Well, this morning Baron Krug himself sent for me and when I went into his office, what do you think he said?

MOTHER. He didn't give you notice?

FATHER. Don't be silly. If he had I should have told you directly I came home. No. He said to me, "The manager of our counting-house has just died, and you'll be in charge for the present."

MOTHER. That's wonderful.

FATHER. "And then," he said, "we're going to make you manager." Isn't it grand, eh?

MOTHER. [*Trying to show some enthusiasm*] I'm delighted—for your sake, dear.

POWER AND GLORY

FATHER. And why not for yours too? Just think what it means, more money than we've ever had before. We ought to celebrate it. Where's that bottle of champagne I gave you for your last birthday?

MOTHER. [*Rising*] But oughtn't we to wait until the children get home?

FATHER. Never mind about them. Go and get it, will you? Ellie's out somewhere again with that boy friend of hers, I suppose, and you know Fred's taking his exam. tomorrow so he mustn't have anything to drink.

MOTHER. Very well.

[*She goes to sideboard for champagne.*]

FATHER. Manager of a counting-house! Some of them'll have to be careful how they talk to me in future. No more running to catch the early train for me. No, I can go into the office half an hour late and then as I come in can't you hear them saying "Good morning, sir, I hope you slept well!" and I'll have to say: "Good morning, oh not so bad."

[*The MOTHER puts a glass and the champagne on table.*]
Aren't you going to have a drink, too?

MOTHER. No, dear. But don't you bother about me.

FATHER. You *are* a wet blanket, aren't you? Never mind, you wait till you get that extra money for the housekeeping. [*He fills his glass again*] Well, here's health. Who'd have ever thought I'd ever become a manager of the counting-house at Krug's? All this talk about people over forty being useless. I'll show 'em. [*He drinks*] Five other fellows in the office had their eye on that job, but they've all gone in the last few months. We're lucky, aren't we? A daughter getting married soon, a son who'll get an appointment directly he has passed his exam. I don't mind telling you I almost feel like saying "Thank God" for the White Scourge.

MOTHER. You mustn't talk like that.

FATHER. I know; but it's been a godsend to us and to lots of others in our position, hasn't it? If it hadn't been for

the White Scourge where should we be now? Just where we always were. Mere nobodies. [*He takes up the newspaper again and reads for a moment*] That fellow Sigelius is a marvel. The cure was discovered at his clinic and the Marshal himself went there. The paper says it was wonderful what he did. They call him a hero and so he is. Catch me poking around among a lot of lepers—not me. A great man, my dear, a great soldier, and he's going to prove that to the whole world before we're much older.

MOTHER. Do you think there will be a war then?

FATHER. Of course. We're working three shifts a day at Krug's now. Nothing but munitions and, between ourselves, we've just started making a new gas, Gas C. They tell me it's wonderful.

MOTHER. I do hope the boy won't have to go to the war.

FATHER. He'll have to do his duty. [*He drinks*] Still, don't you worry. He's a bit weedy for the Army, and now I'll be able to get that fixed all right. Anyway, the next war can't last a week. We can blow the enemy to smithereens before he realizes there's a war on. That's the way wars are going to be fought in future.

[*He takes up the newspaper and commences to read again. There is silence for a moment, then the FATHER throws down the newspaper angrily.*]

Well, of all the. . . . If I had my way I'd arrest him and shoot him before he can say another word. The man's nothing more than a traitor.

MOTHER. Who is?

FATHER. Well, this cure is supposed to have been discovered by a chap called Galen, and he says he won't tell any country what the cure is unless it agrees to make a lasting peace with the world.

MOTHER. But I don't see anything very wrong in that.

FATHER. Nothing wrong! There isn't a country today that'd do it. Why do you think this country or any other is spending millions on armaments? Besides, what would

happen to Krug's factories if we agreed to that? Two hundred thousand people at least would be thrown out of work. They ought to shove this doctor fellow in quod before he can say any more.

MOTHER. But he's a right to make his own terms if he's discovered the cure.

FATHER. That's what *he* says. If you ask me, he's not a doctor at all, more likely some spy in the pay of a foreign country.

MOTHER. But supposing he really has discovered——

[She takes up the newspaper.]

FATHER. Then they ought to make it all the hotter for him.

MOTHER. *[As she reads the newspaper]* But the doctor only says he wants to do all he can to stop people killing each other.

FATHER. And what about us? We've got to expand, haven't we, and if the only way is war then we've got to go to war.

MOTHER. I shall never forget the last war, and there must be millions like me who wish there could be peace.

FATHER. I'm not going to argue with you. But I tell you straight, if I had to choose between the White Scourge and this lasting peace idea, I know which I'd choose.

MOTHER. *[Patiently]* Just as you wish, dear.

[The FATHER suddenly alters his tone. He notices for the first time how subdued his wife is.]

FATHER. *[Puzzled]* What's the matter with you tonight? Are you cold? You shouldn't be on a day like this.

MOTHER. No, I'm not cold.

FATHER. Then why are you wearing that shawl?

MOTHER. Don't you bother, dear.

FATHER. You'd better take it off or you'll catch a chill.

MOTHER. No, dear.

[The FATHER looks at her for a moment. Then, suspicious and frightened, he goes to her.]

POWER AND GLORY

FATHER. Then what is it? Let me see.

[He suddenly snatches the shawl from her neck. The MOTHER faces him, silent. He stares at her throat, horrified.]
God! There's a white spot on your throat! A white spot!

CURTAIN

SCENE 2

The next day.

SCENE. *The waiting-room adjoining GALEN's consulting-room in the slums.*

A queue of LEPERS is waiting to see GALEN. The MOTHER and FATHER are at the end of the queue. The FIRST and SECOND LEPERS are those from Act One, Scene 1. They are now much more cheerful.

FIRST LEPER. *[Showing his throat to the SECOND LEPER]* Look, look at my throat. Just there, see?

SECOND LEPER. Well, you've nothing to worry about. You're getting on fine now.

[The FATHER and MOTHER listen intently.]

FIRST LEPER. Yes, I am. The doctor says it's going to heal up perfectly. What does he say to you?

SECOND LEPER. Last time I came here he said: "It's disappearing gradually, but surely. You're improving every day."

FIRST LEPER. There you are, you old fool, I told you it'd come right in the end.

SECOND LEPER. Ah, but at first he almost refused to treat me. He said that if I was a baker I couldn't be poor. But I told him that I'm one of the poor now. No one would buy bread from me—a leper—that I'd no hope at all unless he cured me. So in the end he agreed to.

[GALEN opens the door of his consulting-room. He nods to the FIRST and SECOND LEPERS. They go into the consulting-room. The door closes on them.]

FATHER. There, you see. Dr. Galen didn't want to take him, but he did in the end.

MOTHER. But I can't help feeling frightened. Supposing he refuses?

FATHER. He won't. I know what I'll say to him. I'll say: "Doctor, you *must* help us; we've got two children and they're not provided for. I know I'm in a good position, but that's no crime when a man's worked his way up and got it honestly. Besides, we've always been careful even with the little money we had."

MOTHER. But they say he'll only treat really poor people.

FATHER. [*Rising*] I'd like to see him refuse to treat you. I'd tell him what I thought of him.

MOTHER. My dear, you mustn't—

FATHER. Oh, don't upset yourself. I'll tell him it's his duty, as one human being to another. Besides, when he knows that I don't mind about the expense, that it's only you who matters, I know he'll—

[GALEN comes out of his consulting-room. He sees the MOTHER and the FATHER. They rise and face him.]

GALEN. Did you wish to see me?

FATHER. Doctor, we've come to ask you if you'd be good enough to—it's my wife here—

GALEN. What are you?

FATHER. I'm a manager, doctor.

GALEN. Where?

FATHER. As a matter of fact, the counting-house at Krug's works.

GALEN. [*After a slight pause*] Krug's works? I'm sorry, I'm afraid I can't help you.

[*The MOTHER sits again.*]

FATHER. But you must, doctor—

GALEN. I make a point of only treating absolutely poor people.

FATHER. Doctor, I'm asking you to do it out of pity. If you save my wife we'll be grateful to you as long as we live.

GALEN. I can't help you. I wish I could. I've no time but for the poor. Others must help themselves.

FATHER. But, doctor, I'll do anything you ask.

GALEN. You work at Krug's. You go back to your rich

friends and tell them to use all their influence to stop war. But you daren't do that?

FATHER. But I've no influence with them. I can't do anything.

GALEN. [*Wearily*] That's what everyone I appeal to says—everyone who could, even in a small way, help me. [*Sitting*] Supposing you were to go to Baron Krug and tell him that he must stop making guns and munitions, you might have some effect.

FATHER. I could never do that.

GALEN. You never know what you can do until you try.

FATHER. I couldn't presume to talk to him in that way.

GALEN. And yet you expect me to help you when you won't say a word to help me? I'm sorry. [*Rising*] It's no use.

[*The MOTHER rises.*]

FATHER. But you can't forget that you're a human being! We're human like you, aren't we? You *can't* refuse to help us.

GALEN. If you only knew how difficult it is for me to refuse you. Others talk of what they consider is their duty towards the world? well, I've made up my mind that I have my duty, too. Supposing you were to give up your job at the Krug works, supposing you told Baron Krug that you refused to work in munitions any longer?

FATHER. But I've got to earn my living—

GALEN. Yes. I see.

FATHER. [*Protesting*] I couldn't get the job I have anywhere else. It takes a man the best part of his life to work his way up to a position like mine. You can't expect me to—

GALEN. [*Quietly*] I've ceased to expect sacrifice from anyone. Good day. [*He turns as if to go and then pauses and says with sympathy to the MOTHER*] I can only say how very sorry I am I can't help you.

MOTHER. [*Softly*] I know. Thank you.

[*GALEN exits.*]

POWER AND GLORY

FATHER. [*Furious*] He's callous. He's got no feelings. Come on, let's get out of this. Trying to do me out of a good job, is he? Not if I can help it.

[FATHER *goes off, followed slowly by* MOTHER.]

CURTAIN

SCENE 3

A week later.

SCENE. *The PROFESSOR's study in the clinic as Act One, Scene 2.*

The PROFESSOR is seated at his desk. Suddenly he puts down his pen thoughtfully. For a moment he stares before him. Then he rises and goes to the mirror. He looks at himself in it. He is once more looking to see if anywhere on his face a white spot has appeared.

The SECOND ASSISTANT enters. The PROFESSOR turns quickly away from the mirror.

SECOND ASSISTANT. Baron Krug to see you, Professor.

PROFESSOR. [*With gratified surprise*] Don't keep him waiting. Ask him to come in.

[*The SECOND ASSISTANT exits. The PROFESSOR goes eagerly towards the door and stands awaiting KRUG. KRUG enters.*]

Come in, Baron, come in.

KRUG. Thanks. I was beginning to think that I'd never get time to see you.

PROFESSOR. Yes, I can quite understand how occupied you are. Things are very critical.

KRUG. They're certainly moving very rapidly.

PROFESSOR. Do sit down, Baron.

[*The BARON sits. The PROFESSOR sits at his desk.*]

The last few weeks must have been a great strain for you.

KRUG. Yes.

PROFESSOR. The present situation is most interesting.

KRUG. You mean politically? Yes. More than interesting.

PROFESSOR. As the man responsible for the whole of the armament output, your task at the moment must be almost superhuman.

KRUG. It seems like that to me at times. I sometimes wish I hadn't the whole of the responsibility. But I haven't come to talk about that, Professor. What I've really come for—is to give you a cheque towards helping your White Scourge research.

PROFESSOR. [*Delighted*] How like you, Baron! Even during a crisis like this you can forget yourself and show us once more that science means so much to you. Of course, we shall be delighted to accept your offer. It's very generous.

KRUG. If you need more let me know.

[*He places a cheque on the table.*]

PROFESSOR. [*Taking the cheque*] I'll give you a receipt. Thank you.

KRUG. Don't bother. Tell me, how are you getting on with your research?

PROFESSOR. I'm afraid so far the disease is getting the better of us. Fortunately the public can't think of two things at once. And all this talk of war is taking their minds off it. I hear that the general feeling is more than optimistic.

KRUG. [*Eagerly*] You mean—that the disease will be stamped out?

PROFESSOR. No, no; I'm talking about the war. The whole nation has utter confidence in the Marshal, in you and in the army. Circumstances have never been so favourable——

KRUG. [*Interrupting*] But—no cure has been found for the disease?

PROFESSOR. Not yet. There is Galen's cure; but of course that's not available. However, we're working as hard as we can.

KRUG. But I understand that an assistant of yours is doing very well in his private practice. He tells his patients that he's giving them the treatment you used here—Galen's cure.

PROFESSOR. That's all nonsense, Baron. Between you and me, the man's a fraud. I'm glad I got rid of him.

KRUG. [*Assuming a casual tone*] By the way, what's happened to Dr. Galen?

PROFESSOR. He's got some bee in his bonnet about working in the slums. Pandering to the masses, of course.

KRUG. But he's getting results?

PROFESSOR. Yes.

KRUG. Satisfactory?

PROFESSOR. Almost a hundred per cent, I'm told. But thank goodness the general public hasn't lost its head. He's a lunatic.

KRUG. What makes you think that?

PROFESSOR. No one in his senses would try to blackmail the entire country. There isn't a decent person who'd go to him; and between ourselves, the police are very quietly keeping an eye on his patients.

KRUG. Galen refuses, on principle, to treat people with money, doesn't he?

PROFESSOR. Yes. He's disappeared from the public eye now. I suppose he'll stay in his slum and keep on raving about his ridiculous lasting peace until we've won the war. I can't help feeling sorry for him. It's a kink he's got, of course. If I had the chance I'd certify him.

KRUG. But you can do nothing to stop the White Scourge?

PROFESSOR. As a matter of fact, I can and have. Really it's a triumph for everyone concerned. I think it's safe to say that before long the disease will be checked.

KRUG. [*With great interest*] I'm glad to hear that—more than glad. But what have you done?

PROFESSOR. Well, for the time being, it must remain a State secret, but of course I can tell you. In a few days the Government will issue an order making it compulsory for all cases to be isolated.

KRUG. Whose idea was that?

PROFESSOR. Mine. And the Marshal has promised to have it carried out.

KRUG. A brilliant idea of yours, Professor. But what kind of isolation will it be?

PROFESSOR. Every suspected person will be sent to a closely guarded concentration camp——

KRUG. I understand. And once they're there they will die gradually?

PROFESSOR. Under medical supervision, of course. Every sufferer helps to spread the disease, and that's got to be stopped.

KRUG. Naturally.

PROFESSOR. Sentimentality would be criminal. Anyone who attempts to get away from the camp will be shot, and everyone above forty is to undergo a compulsory examination from time to time so that new cases will be at once discovered.

KRUG. The infection will be forcibly suppressed, in fact?

PROFESSOR. Exactly.

KRUG. It's rather a pity you didn't think of your scheme earlier.

PROFESSOR. Yes, We wasted too much time on Galen's cure. But in a few days, thank goodness, every leper will be behind barbed wire. Every one—without a solitary exception.

KRUG. [*Rising*] Yes, Professor. There mustn't be a solitary exception must there? Thank you.

[*KRUG rises; the PROFESSOR rises also.*]

PROFESSOR. [*Puzzled, he looks at KRUG for a moment in silence*] Baron, is there anything wrong? Can I——

[*KRUG opens the front of his shirt; outwardly he remains calm.*]

KRUG. Professor, would you mind looking——

[*The PROFESSOR is taken aback. Then he pulls himself together and tries to take the situation calmly.*]

[*He turns KRUG towards the light and examines his chest, then he takes up a paper knife from the desk and carefully touches something on KRUG's chest.*]

POWER AND GLORY

PROFESSOR. Do you feel anything?

[KRUG *does not answer.*]

That'll do, Baron.

KRUG. Is it——?

PROFESSOR. [*Trying to evade the question*] I can't tell at the moment. There's only a small white spot. It may be nothing.

KRUG. What can you advise me to do? Anything?

PROFESSOR. [*Helplessly*] Nothing. If only someone, something, could persuade Dr. Galen to treat you. If only——

KRUG. I understand, Professor. Well, good-bye. I suppose I oughtn't to shake hands with you!

PROFESSOR. No, Baron. You will shake hands with no one.

KRUG. [*As he goes to the door*] Thank you. [*He turns to the PROFESSOR*] So this order for the isolation of all lepers will come into force within the next few days? I must make arrangements for my factories to increase their output of barbed wire immediately.

[KRUG *exits. The PROFESSOR, very worried, stands looking after him.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE 4

SCENE 4

Later the same day.

SCENE. *Dr. Galen's consulting-room.*

He is examining the FIRST LEPER from Act One, Scene 1.

GALEN. That's splendid.

FIRST LEPER. When shall I come again, doctor?

[The FIRST LEPER goes behind a screen to dress.]

GALEN. In a fortnight's time. Then I'll have another look at you. Perhaps after that it won't be necessary for you to come to me any more.

FIRST LEPER. Thank you, doctor. Thank you.

[GALEN goes to the door and opens it.]

GALEN. *[Calling out into the waiting room]* Next!

[BARON KRUG enters. He is unshaven and disguised as a beggar. GALEN closes the door after him.]

And what's wrong with you?

KRUG. The White Scourge, doctor.

[The FIRST LEPER goes towards the door, where he hesitates.]

GALEN. *[To the FIRST LEPER]* Yes. What is it? *[To KRUG]* Open your shirt.

FIRST LEPER. Doctor, I only wanted to ask you . . . I mean, what do I owe you?

GALEN. We won't bother about that now.

FIRST LEPER. Thank you, doctor. Much obliged.

[The FIRST LEPER exits. GALEN goes to KRUG.]

GALEN. Come over here. Let's have a look at you. *[He examines KRUG's chest]* Yes, it's the White Scourge all right, but it's not gone far yet.

KRUG. Thank you.

GALEN. What are you?

KRUG. Out of a job, doctor. I used to be in a metal works.

GALEN. And now?

KRUG. I've got to take what comes along. [*Eagerly*] You will help me, doctor? I've heard you'll help any man when he's down.

GALEN. The treatment lasts a fortnight. I can have you well again in that time. It would mean six injections. Could you afford to pay for them?

KRUG. [*Quickly*] Of course. [*Realizing his mistake*] I mean—that is to say, it depends how much they'd cost.

GALEN. [*Calmly*] They'd cost you a great deal, Baron Krug.

[*KRUG is taken aback but decides to try and bluff it out.*]

KRUG. My name isn't Krug.

GALEN. Don't try and fool me, please. I haven't time to argue with you. Time is very precious to both of us at the moment, isn't it? And neither of us can afford to waste it, can we?

KRUG. No. I see that you're quite determined to keep your word and cure only poor patients, and I know you're the only person in the world who can save me. I'm sorry I tried to fool you; it was silly of me. But I'm desperate. Listen. If you'll agree to cure me, I'll make you a present of, shall we say, a million?

GALEN. [*Taken aback*] A million?

KRUG. I'm sorry, I meant two million. A nice sum of money, doctor.

[*GALEN walks away from him, thinking. KRUG, in his fear, sends up the offer.*]

I said three million, didn't I, doctor? Three million. You could do quite a lot with three million.

GALEN. What could I do, Baron?

KRUG. Say, for instance, you wanted to spend money on propaganda——

GALEN. Just a moment, Baron. Did you say three million?

KRUG. [*Desperately*] Six million.

GALEN. To spend on peace propaganda?

KRUG. Anything you like. You could buy the entire Press. Buy public opinion for that. Why, even my propaganda doesn't cost me as much as that.

GALEN. [*Amazed*] You mean it would cost me all that to get the newspapers to write in favour of peace?

KRUG. It costs a great deal to make them write in favour of peace or war.

GALEN. [*Calmly*] You surprise me, Baron.

[GALEN, as if preparing to treat KRUG, takes up a syringe, rinses it in alcohol and heats it above the flame of a spirit lamp. KRUG watches him with relief.]

Well, we live and learn, don't we? And how does one set about that sort of thing?

KRUG. I can help you. First of all, you've got to get to know the right people.

GALEN. I see. But mustn't it be rather difficult to get to know the right people? I suppose one has to spend a great deal of time to get any results?

KRUG. Yes. You'll have to spend most of your life at it.

GALEN. [*Rises*] Then I don't see how I could possibly manage it. [*He soaks a piece of cotton wool in benzine*] I suppose, Baron, you wouldn't like to try your hand at it for me, would you?

KRUG. You mean—propaganda work for world peace?

GALEN. Er—yes. [*He comes to KRUG and rubs the cotton wool on KRUG's arm below the elbow*] You know all the right people, Baron, and if you'll come out openly on my side, I'll pay you by curing you.

KRUG. I'm sorry, doctor, but I couldn't do it. Your price is too high.

GALEN. I knew you'd say that. [*He throws away the cotton wool*] Strange, isn't it, that in spite of everything, I admire you for your honesty?

KRUG. But don't you realize how simple you are? You

POWER AND GLORY

must know it's impossible that one man alone, you, by yourself, could force peace on the world.

GALEN. I'm not by myself. I've very strong allies.

KRUG. The White Scourge and fear?

GALEN. Do you know what fear can be, Baron?

KRUG. Yes. I'm nearly crazy with fear. But fear isn't going to help your cause. Don't you suppose most people are afraid of war? Yet they do nothing to stop it, and there will be another war soon—there will always be wars.

GALEN. Well, what can anyone do to prevent them? Tell me, Baron, what's the best way to get a real influence over the world?

KRUG. I wish I knew. I've always tried to do it with money, and it's nearly always worked. Well, what have you decided, doctor? Ten millions? Twenty millions in exchange for one single life?

GALEN. What else can you offer me for your life?

KRUG. I've nothing to offer you but money.

GALEN. Won't you stop making munitions in your factory?

KRUG. No.

GALEN. I'm extremely sorry, Baron.

KRUG. Then you won't cure me? This means the end of everything.

[KRUG goes towards the door.]

GALEN. No. You'll come back.

KRUG. [*At the door*] You mean I can come here again?

GALEN. Yes—when you've changed your mind.

KRUG. It seems to me, doctor, you are not quite so simple, after all.

[KRUG exits.]

[GALEN stands for a moment looking at the closed door, then he opens it, and calls out.]

GALEN. Next!

CURTAIN

SCENE 5

A few days later.

SCENE. *The MARSHAL's study.*

The MARSHAL, very busy with documents of State, is seated at his desk, writing. PAUL enters.

PAUL. Baron Krug, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. Show him in.

[PAUL goes out. A moment later he shows in BARON

KRUG, and then exits. BARON KRUG crosses to the desk.]

[Writing] Sit down, Baron. *[BARON sits]* I won't keep you a moment. *[After a pause he puts down his pen]* And now, Baron, we'd better get down to business.

[The BARON makes as if to rise and stand to attention.]
You needn't stand up, Baron. I asked you to come here so that you can report to me personally how your work is going.

KRUG. We've done everything possible, taken every contingency into account.

MARSHAL. And the result?

KRUG. I'm not satisfied yet. Though we are turning out thirty per cent more than the Headquarters are asking for.

MARSHAL. Excellent.

KRUG. We are not making them for ourselves, you know.

MARSHAL. Gas C?

KRUG. Any amount you like, in spite of the accident yesterday.

MARSHAL. Accident?

KRUG. A retort in one of the workshops burst. Forty girls and three men killed. Death instantaneous.

MARSHAL. Pity to have an accident at a time like this.

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Well, Baron, your results are as good as I expected from you. Congratulations.

KRUG. Thank you, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. We are almost ready then?

KRUG. Quite ready, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. Thanks. I knew you wouldn't let me down. By the way, I am very satisfied with your nephew, Paul.

KRUG. Thank you, your Excellency. I'm glad to hear that.

MARSHAL. It looks to me as if you and I are not only to be friends, Baron, but related by marriage. My daughter talks a lot about Paul.

KRUG. [*Standing up respectfully*] That will be an honour for me, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. And I shall be more than pleased. I still remember that if it hadn't been for you I should never be where I am now. I couldn't forget that.

KRUG. I looked upon it as my duty, your Excellency. I did it for the country. It also happened to be in the interests of my work—well—I should be ungrateful if I didn't acknowledge that, shouldn't I?

MARSHAL. Krug, just before I marched with my troops against the Government and became Marshal, you and I shook hands. Do you remember?

KRUG. Moments like those are not easily forgotten, Marshal.

[*The MARSHAL rises. KRUG also rises.*]

MARSHAL. Well, soon I shall be starting on a greater and a more glorious campaign, so we'll shake hands on that, shall we?

[*The MARSHAL holds out a hand to KRUG, but KRUG shrinks back from him.*]

Anything wrong, Krug?

KRUG. Your Excellency, I can't shake hands with you.

MARSHAL. [*Surprised*] Why not?

POWER AND GLORY

KRUG. Your Excellency, I am a leper.

[*The MARSHAL flinches and stares at KRUG in amazement.*]

[*The MARSHAL turns away. After a pause.*]

MARSHAL. Have you seen Professor Sigelius?

KRUG. Yes.

MARSHAL. What does he say?

KRUG. He could do nothing. So I went to Galen.

[*He goes to the window.*]

MARSHAL. And what did he say?

KRUG. I can be cured in a fortnight.

MARSHAL. Good. I can't tell you how glad I am, Krug. Don't worry. You'll be all right again soon.

KRUG. [*Quietly*] If I do the one thing that Galen asks me.

MARSHAL. Well do it. It mustn't be a question of cost. There's too much at stake. What does Galen want you to do?

KRUG. [*As he sits at the desk*] Merely to stop making war materials. . . .

MARSHAL. Oh, I see. Then he really is as mad as they say?

KRUG. Perhaps. And he certainly must be in your estimation.

MARSHAL. And not in yours?

KRUG. I'm sorry, your Excellency, but I've no alternative but to see the matter in a somewhat different light.

MARSHAL. [*Amazed*] You don't mean you contemplate holding up the output of your factory?

KRUG. Technically speaking, it's not impossible for me to do that, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. Well, Krug? You must do something to persuade Galen not to insist on this outrageous condition.

KRUG. But his one condition for saving my life is that I should work for peace.

MARSHAL. Very well, stop the output at your factories for the fortnight you're under his treatment. It would be more

than awkward, but we'll have to put up with it. We'll say it's my final gesture towards a peace settlement. Then, when the fortnight's up——

KRUG. My works would go ahead again? Thank you, your Excellency, but we could hardly consider that fair play to Galen, could we?

MARSHAL. Krug, you know as well as I do that fair play has nothing to do with war.

KRUG. I think you underestimate Galen's intelligence. He's quite likely to make my treatment last much longer than a fortnight.

MARSHAL. Yes. He won't make it easy for you. [*Rising, he goes to the fireplace*] Well, Krug, think it over and let me know your decision as soon as you can.

KRUG. I've already come to a decision.

[*The MARSHAL turns to him.*]

MARSHAL. Well?

[*He goes back to the desk.*]

KRUG. I've made up my mind to accept Galen's offer.

MARSHAL. [*Standing behind the desk*] I don't understand. Are you as afraid as all that?

KRUG. No. You couldn't be expected to, Marshal. You couldn't know that ghastly feeling when fear cuts through you like a knife. I can't wipe out of my mind the sight of myself, behind barbed wire, shrieking against death. Shrieking: "For God's sake help me someone! Will no one have mercy on me?" And there's no reply—but the shrieks of the thousands of other lepers dying around me.

MARSHAL. Krug, you and I are more than old friends. If I could do anything for anyone in the world, I'd do it for you. But what can I do for you?

KRUG. Peace, your Excellency. Make peace for my sake! Save me, save millions of other lepers like me! [*Overcome by fear he suddenly sinks down on his knees before the MARSHAL*] Marshal, you've the power to save us! For Christ's sake save us!

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MARSHAL. [*Harshly*] Get up, Baron! Get up! Don't be a damn fool! Get up!

[*The BARON rises and stands humbly before the MARSHAL.*]

KRUG. I beg your pardon, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. [*Coldly*] You will increase the output of your factories. It's far from satisfactory. You understand?

KRUG. Yes, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. I need not remind you that your one duty is to your country. You must not forget that for one moment.

KRUG. I promise you, your Excellency.

[*The MARSHAL comes near to KRUG.*]

MARSHAL. We'll shake hands on that, then?

KRUG. No, Marshal. You forget——

MARSHAL. If I showed any fear, even to you, Krug, I could not remain Leader. . . . Your hand, Baron. I'm not afraid.

KRUG. [*Holding out his hand hesitatingly*] At your service, Marshal.

MARSHAL. Thank you, Baron.

[*The MARSHAL shakes hands with KRUG. The two men look at each other for a moment, then KRUG turns and goes out.*

The MARSHAL sits at his desk and then presses a bell.

PAUL enters.]

PAUL. Your Excellency?

MARSHAL. Find Dr. Galen.

CURTAIN

SCENE 6

The same day.

SCENE. *Same as previous scene.*

The MARSHAL is still seated at his desk. The ADJUTANT enters.

ADJUTANT. [*In the doorway*] Dr. Galen, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. [*Writing*] Bring him in.

[The ADJUTANT goes out and enters with GALEN. They stand silent in the doorway. The MARSHAL continues writing; presently he speaks.]

[*As he writes*] Dr. Galen?

GALEN. [*Awed by the MARSHAL and his surroundings, he is confused*] Yes, Professor.

ADJUTANT. [*Prompting him in a whisper*] Your Excellency.

GALEN. I mean, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. [*Still writing*] Come here.

GALEN. Certainly, sir—I mean, your Excellency.

[He moves a few steps nearer. The MARSHAL puts down his pen and looks up at him.]

MARSHAL. Dr. Galen, I've sent for you to congratulate you on the success of your cure for the White Scourge. Lately I have been receiving reports from the various health departments about your results. [*He takes up a file of documents*] And I notice all those results have been endorsed by other doctors. It's an excellent achievement.

GALEN. [*Gratified but still awed by the MARSHAL*] Thank you, sir—very much indeed—your Excellency.

MARSHAL. I've drawn up a scheme, doctor, which I think will meet with your approval. I'm going to turn the Holy Grail Hospital into a State institution for the treatment of Cheng's Disease. You will arrange to take up your duties there as medical superintendent—immediately.

GALEN. [*Alarmed*] But—sir, I couldn't do that. I mean it wouldn't be possible. I've such a large practice, your Excellency. I couldn't drop it.

MARSHAL. You must consider it a command, doctor.

GALEN. But I could never take on a post like that. I haven't had the necessary experience.

MARSHAL. Then I'll put the position to you in a different light.

[He gives the ADJUTANT a significant look. The ADJUTANT goes quickly out. The MARSHAL continues.]

Doctor, you've refused to treat Baron Krug.

GALEN. You'll forgive me, but I have not. I only said there was one condition.

MARSHAL. You're going to treat Baron Krug without any condition.

GALEN. I'm sorry, your Excellency, but I must insist on that condition.

MARSHAL. You know, doctor, there are certain ways and means of compelling people to carry out orders.

GALEN. Yes, I know. Have me put in prison.

MARSHAL. Very well.

[He makes as if to ring the bell on his desk.]

[GALEN, disturbed by this, speaks before the MARSHAL can press the bell.]

GALEN. No, sir, you can't do that. I've so many patients who depend on me. If you lock me up you'll kill them.

MARSHAL. [*Calmly*] They wouldn't be the first people who've had to die when they stood in my way, doctor. You think it over. [*He gets up and goes to GALEN*] Tell me, are you mad, or do you see yourself as a hero or what?

GALEN. [*Simply*] No, sir, there's nothing heroic about me. But I served in the war as a doctor, and when I saw so many men die—

MARSHAL. I served in the war, too, doctor. The men I saw were fighting for their country, and I brought them back home as heroes.

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GALEN. But I saw them—the men you didn't bring back. That's the difference, sir—your Excellency.

MARSHAL. What regiment were you with?

GALEN. [*Clicking his heels together with military precision*] The 36th Infantry, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. A splendid crowd. You were given a decoration?

GALEN. Gold Cross with Swords, Marshal.

MARSHAL. [*Shaking hands with him*] Well done, Galen.

GALEN. Thank you, Marshal.

MARSHAL. Good. You will now report yourself to Baron Krug.

GALEN. I can't do that, sir.

MARSHAL. Insubordination? Very well.

[*He shrugs his shoulders and touches the bell on his desk.*]

[*The ADJUTANT enters.*]

[*To ADJUTANT*] Have Dr. Galen put under arrest.

ADJUTANT. Yes, your Excellency.

[*As the ADJUTANT comes towards him, GALEN turns to the MARSHAL.*]

GALEN. Your Excellency, I wonder if you realize that one day you may need me?

[*The MARSHAL looks keenly at GALEN.*]

MARSHAL. I?

GALEN. Yes. Perhaps you.

MARSHAL. I think not. [*He pauses for a moment, still looking at GALEN, then turning to the ADJUTANT*] You may go.

[*The ADJUTANT goes out. The MARSHAL, realizing his previous tactics have been useless, changes his tone towards GALEN. He tries being friendly.*]

Sit down, Galen.

[*GALEN sits. The MARSHAL takes a seat near him.*]

I've got something to say to you, Galen, but you're so pig-headed that I hardly know how to put it to you. Now listen! Baron Krug is a great man. He's of vital importance, not only to the country, but to me. And he is my one and

only friend. I can rely on him as I can on no one else. You can't imagine, Galen, how lonely it is being a dictator. To have no one to whom you can talk on equal terms. I'm telling you this as man to man, because I'm going to ask you to do me a favour, and it's a long time since I asked a favour of anyone. . . . Doctor, save Krug's life.

GALEN. Your Excellency, you're making it very difficult for me. If I could I would help you willingly, but I want to ask you a favour, too.

MARSHAL. That's no answer.

GALEN. It is. You're not only a great statesman, but a power in the world. Your power is unlimited. Can you imagine what effect it would have if you made a real offer of lasting peace to the world? Can you possibly realize what a wonderful effect it would have? The whole world is arming because of you. If you were to say honestly that you want peace the tension would be lifted. The world would feel free.

MARSHAL. [*Curtly*] Might I remind you that we were talking about Baron Krug?

GALEN. Exactly. You can save not only him but millions of lepers all over the world. All you have to do is to say that you're willing to make lasting peace. Won't you realize, your Excellency, that everything depends on you? Must I plead with you to save those wretched people who are dying in their thousands, with no one but myself making an effort to save them? As for Baron Krug, refusing to save him hasn't been easy. For his sake, apart from the objections I have to his work——

MARSHAL. It's impossible for Baron Krug to comply with your condition. It's absurd.

GALEN. You could put everything right, if you would only say the word.

MARSHAL. Must I explain it to you as if you were a child? Surely you don't imagine that the question of peace or war depends on my personal will? I have to act according

to what best serves the interests of the nation. If the nation must go to war, then my duty is to prepare it for that war and lead it.

GALEN. Yes, but if it weren't for you the nation would never start a war of aggression, would it?

MARSHAL. [*Candidly*] No. It couldn't. If it weren't for me the nation wouldn't be prepared for such a war. It wouldn't realize the strength of its chances, but today, thank God, it does realize, and I am only carrying out its will—

GALEN. But you yourself have shaped and made it what it is—given it that will.

MARSHAL. Yes, I certainly have awakened it, made it a nation once more. Doctor, you believe that peace is better than war. I believe that a victorious war is better than an inglorious peace, and I have no right to deprive my nation of victory—

GALEN. Or of its dead?

MARSHAL. Or of its dead. Can't you understand that their blood can transform a strip of mere foreign earth into a valuable part of our country which their children will use and be proud of—that it's only war that can turn a people into a nation and ordinary men into heroes?

GALEN. And into dead. In the war I saw more dead than living.

MARSHAL. That was your job, doctor, and in my job I saw more of the heroes. You were given a war decoration for attending the wounded in no-man's-land. Wasn't that bravery?

GALEN. No. Part of a doctor's work.

[*The MARSHAL's tone is sincere. He talks simply and without pomposity.*]

MARSHAL. Now listen! About this peace talk of yours. Do you consider it a work that has been specially entrusted to you?

GALEN. I don't quite follow you, sir.

MARSHAL. What I mean is, do you consider you are

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guided in your actions by, shall we call it, a Higher Power?

GALEN. Not in the least. I'm doing this merely as an ordinary individual.

MARSHAL. You can't. In work like mine and yours, war and peace, there must be a higher will than man's to guide our actions.

GALEN. Whose will?

MARSHAL. God's. I know I have been commanded by God, otherwise I couldn't——

GALEN. You mean you believe you're compelled to start this war?

MARSHAL. Yes, in the name of the nation——

GALEN. Whose sons will die for it?

MARSHAL. Yes.

GALEN. Whilst their parents die of leprosy?

MARSHAL. [*Rising*] I'm not a liberty to discuss them, doctor. They aren't soldiers and nothing else but the army must have any claim on me now. You will cure Baron Krug. The country needs him.

GALEN. Then the Baron can come to me.

MARSHAL. And give in to your impossible condition?

GALEN. Yes, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. Then I'm afraid, doctor, I have no option but to have you——

[*The MARSHAL is about to ring the bell on his desk when the telephone rings. He takes up the receiver.*]

Yes? Speaking. What? . . . What? . . . He's . . . When did it happen? . . . Yes . . . Very well.

[*He puts down the receiver, turns to GALEN and speaks in a hoarse, lifeless voice.*]

Don't let me detain you any longer, Dr. Galen. I suppose I must thank God that five minutes ago Baron Krug shot himself.

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

SCENE I

A few weeks later.

SCENE. *The Marshal's study.*

The MARSHAL is in conference with the MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA.

MINISTER. Well, this is the exact position. Our propaganda work is becoming increasingly difficult, your Excellency. Everywhere anti-war agitation is gaining ground. The White Scourge seems to be much more important than international war problems. Petitions with millions of signatures are already embarrassing other Governments considerably.

MARSHAL. [*Going to his desk*] That'll give them something to think about until we've made our first move, weaken any military opposition. What else?

[*He sits.*]

MINISTER. [*Sitting*] Every day more influential people are joining the world peace campaign. For instance, the President of—

MARSHAL. Yes, I know about him.

MINISTER. But it's only because he has a morbid dread of the White Scourge. His favourite aunt has just caught it. So he's going to appeal to all Powers to set up a world conference to discuss peace.

MARSHAL. That's going to be rather awkward! Any suggestions?

MINISTER. Well, I don't know, your Excellency. Things have gone rather far. World opinion is becoming fiercely opposed to war of any kind—entirely due to leprosy, of course. The political slogan appears to be "Health before Honour." All people want is a cure. Even here I get

reports every day that there is a growing opposition to your plans.

MARSHAL. [*Rising*] What is your department doing to stop all this?

MINISTER. [*Rising*] Everything possible, your Excellency. But we can't guarantee that whatever we do will keep things quiet much longer. The younger people are as enthusiastic as ever, and as you know, Marshal, will go through hell fire for you, but the older people are the difficulty. There's grave danger of a panic among them any day now.

MARSHAL. Go on——

MINISTER. Well, as I figure it out, the older people are economically important. They still hold key positions, and if there is a war they could disorganize everything. We must do something to keep them quiet.

MARSHAL. What?

MINISTER. That doctor must be made to disclose what his cure is.

MARSHAL. How?

MINISTER. The usual very effective ways of persuading people like him, your Excellency. Of course they sometimes result in accidental death——

MARSHAL. [*Going to the fireplace*] Yes, I know. But we can't afford to make a bad impression at the moment.

MINISTER. [*Following the MARSHAL*] Well your Excellency—we can't give in to him.

[*A pause.*]

MARSHAL. [*Coming to the desk*] We must move the troops to the frontier before the peace party here has got properly organized. Strike immediately! But we must have reasons—what are they?

MINISTER. Yes. We've had them ready for some time. Enemy plots against you—against the State—systematic acts of provocation and the usual excuses. At the right moment we'll arrange some trifling political disturbance

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which will involve the enemy. Then all we have to do will be to order wholesale arrests of all agitators and drop a hint to the Press to make the most of the incident. Then we can bank on spontaneous demonstrations in favour of war at once. I can vouch for as much patriotic enthusiasm as you want, so long as the necessary steps are not left until it's too late.

MARSHAL. I'll see to that. [*Going to the window*] It's to be war then—my opportunity at last to lead this nation to greatness.

[*The MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA exits.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE 2

A few days later.

Before the Curtain rises, bells in distance and singing can be heard.

The Curtain rises as the singing subsides, and we hear the MARSHAL'S voice.

SCENE. *The MARSHAL'S study, the window giving on the balcony is open. On the balcony stands the MARSHAL addressing the crowd below. In the room are the MARSHAL'S daughter, ANETTA, and young PAUL KRUG, nephew of BARON KRUG. He is in military uniform. They stand and listen intently to the MARSHAL'S impassioned speech.*

MARSHAL. [*To the crowd*] At this great moment, when our aircraft are already making havoc of the cities of our treacherous enemy and our army has crossed the frontiers—

[*There are excited cheers from the CROWD.*]

I want to vindicate myself to my nation and to the world for having taken this sudden and most grave step.

[*The CROWD shouts: "Long live the Marshal!" "Three cheers for the Marshal!" "War!" "War!"*]

[*Holding up a hand for the cheering to cease.*]

Yes, I have begun a war and I've begun it without any declaration or warning to the enemy. I've done this so that before the enemy can recover from its first and greatest terror I may bring this war to a victorious and speedy end, and so spare thousands of your children, who at this very moment are winning their first battle, from a long and costly struggle. I have taken this step for you and for your children, and what I ask of you now is your approval for what I have done.

[*The CROWD shouts "War!" "War!" "Long live the Marshal!"*]

You would not have me enter in a discussion with a people who have for so long provoked and insulted us. For years we have been patient, while agitators in the pay of the enemy have disturbed the law and order of our country—but the time has come when forbearance would be futile and toleration humiliating. This war is justified—our nation demands it.

[*The CROWD shouts, "Lynch them!" "Kill them!"*]
No. Shouting will not rid this country of that enemy evil. There was only one way, and I have taken it. Our armies will utterly destroy a country which has systematically menaced our peace. Destroy a people who are not entitled to be called a nation—and that will be done swiftly and surely regardless of other Powers, who have no right to interfere but may go to its aid. To those Powers I throw down a challenge. If they wish to come out into the open and take sides with the enemy, let them. We're not afraid. We fear no one.

[*The CROWD shouts "No. We're not afraid. Three cheers for the Marshal! War! War!"*]

[*As the noise subsides.*]

When I sent my gallant army into the war to fight for your honour, I was confident that I could count on you. And for your honour I now tell the whole world this—we did not want this war, but since we have been forced to fight, we shall fight to the end and win. God is on our side, and by His will we shall win. Ours shall be the power and the glory—we shall win. [*He strikes his chest*] Yes, we have right on our side! We are in the right— [*His voice suddenly becomes feeble; his strength ebbs away suddenly; he finds it difficult to proceed*] We—are—in the right— [*He staggers back into the room.*]

[*There is a great shout from the CROWD, "Yes! The Right!" "War!" "Hurrah!" "Down with the enemy!" "Three cheers for the Marshal!"*]

—in the right! We are—I—

POWER AND GLORY

ANETTA. *[Going to the MARSHAL anxiously]* Father, what is it?

PAUL. *[Going to MARSHAL]* What's wrong, your Excellency?

ANETTA. Father!

MARSHAL. *[Sitting]* Leave me alone! Go away! *[Still in the atmosphere of his speech he strikes his chest]* We are in the right! In the right——

PAUL. What is it, Marshal?

MARSHAL. *[Putting his hand on his chest]* I'm cold.

PAUL. Your Excellency——

MARSHAL. I'm cold.

ANETTA. Father, darling, what is it? What's the matter?

[The shouting outside becomes louder. There are cries for the MARSHAL to appear on the balcony.]

MARSHAL. *[Rising]* I must go to them! Leave me alone!

ANETTA. Father, we must stay.

[The CROWD shouts outside. "The Marshal!" "We want the Marshal!" The MARSHAL turns to PAUL and ANETTA.]

MARSHAL. You can do nothing. I am better alone.

[ANETTA crosses quickly to PAUL. Outside the CROWD again calls for the MARSHAL.]

[The MARSHAL goes out on to the balcony, bracing himself up to appear his usual indomitable figure. He raises his hand in salute.]

[There is a huge outburst of shouting, "Long live the Marshal!" "Hurrah for the War!" "Hurrah for the Marshal!"]

ANETTA. Paul——

[PAUL goes quickly to the telephone, impatiently looks through the telephone book and then dials a number.]

PAUL. *[Speaking into the telephone]* Hello, is that Professor Sigelius? This is Paul Krug. Please come to the Marshal at once. Yes.

[The shouting outside increases. "Long live the Marshal!" "Three cheers for the War!" "Down with the enemy!"

POWER AND GLORY

"Long live the Marshal!" The MARSHAL comes into the room from the balcony. He tries to conceal his physical weakness from ANETTA and PAUL.]

MARSHAL. This is a great day for me—the day I've waited for. *[Going to the desk]* Isn't there any news from General Brenka yet?

[Outside the CROWD are singing war songs.]
Do you hear that? They know now that I've made them into a real nation.

[From outside there are again calls for the MARSHAL.]
Very well, I'm coming.

[With an effort he tries to walk towards the balcony, but his weakness makes it difficult. PAUL comes forward to him.]

PAUL. You must allow me, your Excellency.

[MARSHAL sits at the desk. PAUL goes quickly on to the balcony and motions to the CROWD below to be silent. When there is silence he speaks.]

My friends, his Excellency the Marshal has asked me to thank you on his behalf. He is engaged in some important work. He must be given quiet now.

[Outside the CROWD calls again, "Three cheers for the Marshal!"]

MARSHAL. Poor Krug! If only he could have lived to see this day.

[PAUL comes in from the balcony.]

Paul—your uncle was my greatest friend.

ANETTA. Won't you go to your room and lie down?

MARSHAL. No. There's nothing for you to worry about. I'll be perfectly all right. *[He takes her hand in his]* You'll see. All I need at the moment is a little rest. After that noise it's a relief to be able to be in the quiet. I'll be perfectly all right in a moment. I only wish we could hear what's happened at the front. *[He listens for a moment.]* Do you hear them singing?

PAUL. If they're disturbing your Excellency—

MARSHAL. No. Let them sing. *[For a moment he regains*

his normal vitality] Flags are flying everywhere. In every street, from every house. I ought to ride through the city now and let the crowd see me. [*He strikes his chest as if still giving his speech*] Tell them again that we're in the right, that we are in——

ANETTA. Father, you mustn't worry yourself about that now.

MARSHAL. No. Not for the moment. But wait until I ride at the head of my troops when they come home and we've won the war! You didn't see me riding through the streets when we came back after the last war? You were a little girl then. But this time you'll see me. Yes. And that'll make you happy. [*He turns to PAUL*] Paul, war is a wonderful thing for men like us. To have command of an army—an army like mine—the greatest army in the world. . . .

[*The ADJUTANT appears in the doorway.*]

ADJUTANT. Professor Sigelius is here, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. What does he want?

ANETTA. [*To the ADJUTANT*] Show him into my father's room.

ADJUTANT. Very well.

[*The ADJUTANT exits.*]

MARSHAL. [*Rising*] It's a pity you reminded me of doctors, my dear—I felt better with you.

[*He goes towards the door*]

ANETTA. Father——

MARSHAL. Don't you bother about me, dear.

[*The MARSHAL exits. There is a silence. Then ANETTA, crying, sits at the table.*]

PAUL. [*Going to her*] Anetta darling, I can't bear to see you cry.

ANETTA. Paul, it can't be the White Scourge, can it?

PAUL. In God's name how could he have known nothing about it?

ANETTA. I don't know. He's never thought about himself lately. He was so sure that nothing could touch him, nothing stand in the way between him and winning this war.

PAUL. Nothing will, darling. We'll get the best doctors in the world—they'll soon cure him.

ANETTA. But there's nothing they can do. Oh, why did this happen to him?

PAUL. You must be brave—he wants you to be, even if he had to face any death—he wouldn't be afraid.

ANETTA. [*Rising, she turns away to the window*] But, Paul, I love him—I couldn't bear it if he were to die.

PAUL. [*He goes to her*] But, after all, we aren't sure what it is yet. It may be nothing—nothing at all—won't you try to believe that?

ANETTA. [*Turning to him*] Yes, Paul, I will——

PAUL. Anetta.

ANETTA. Yes, Paul?

PAUL. There's something I want to tell you. [*Pause*] I've asked to be sent to the front.

ANETTA. But, Paul, you—you don't have to—father needs you here!

PAUL. But, Anetta——

ANETTA. Besides, the war can't last long. Father says that it will be over in a few days.

PAUL. I know that, but I must go. I can't be out of it now—you do see that, don't you?

ANETTA. Yes, Paul. I understand——

[*The ADJUTANT enters.*]

ADJUTANT. Isn't the Marshal here?

PAUL. No, he's not.

ADJUTANT. General Brenka to see him.

PAUL. What does he want?

ADJUTANT. He has despatches from the front.

PAUL. He's brought them himself?

ADJUTANT. Yes.

PAUL. Well I don't know. You'd better ask him to leave them.

ADJUTANT. I can't. He insists he must see the Marshal.

PAUL. But look here, that's impossible.

POWER AND GLORY

ADJUTANT. But listen, he's outside now—and raising——

PAUL. Well, look here. Tell him that the Marshal is engaged—it's important.

ADJUTANT. I'll do my best——

[*The ADJUTANT exits.*]

PAUL. [*Going to Anetta*] The General mustn't know about your father—no one must know.

ANETTA. But they'll have to know.

PAUL. Not yet. He'll carry on as if nothing has happened.

[*The GENERAL enters, very agitatedly.*]

GENERAL. Krug, where is the Marshal? I must see him.

PAUL. Sorry, sir, he's busy.

GENERAL. Tell him I'm here. No, I'll go to him.

PAUL. He can't see you, sir. Can I give him a message?

GENERAL. Don't you realize I have come personally because it is so urgent?

ANETTA. Can't we be of any help, General?

GENERAL. Only the Marshal can deal with this. Every moment's delay may mean disaster!

ANETTA. Disaster? What do you mean?

GENERAL. A small country like that! It's incredible. They're defending themselves like the very devil. We advanced ten miles rapidly, but our attack on the capital failed completely. They are putting up a desperate fight. We've lost eighteen aeroplanes already, and they're holding up our tanks on the frontier.

PAUL. That means loss of valuable time.

GENERAL. While they are holding us up, they can get help from other Powers.

PAUL. The Marshal thought the first attacks would demoralize them completely.

GENERAL. Now the whole situation is changed; it may mean a world war. Krug, you've got to let the Marshal know at once. We can't move without him.

[*The door opens suddenly. The FOREIGN MINISTER enters, pushing past the ADJUTANT.*]

POWER AND GLORY

FOREIGN MINISTER. The Marshal must see me. [*He closes the door on the ADJUTANT and faces the others*] Where's the Marshal?

ANETTA. We can't disturb him.

FOREIGN MINISTER. [*To the GENERAL*] You've heard the news?

GENERAL. From the front? It's astounding.

FOREIGN MINISTER. It's worse than that—we've just had an ultimatum from two of the Great Powers. They are already mobilizing. Other ultimatums on the way. We must know what move to make.

GENERAL. Of course, we're in the same position too.

ANETTA. Need we tell him just now?

GENERAL. Of course.

ANETTA. Paul—

PAUL. I think it would be better if you would let me tell the Marshal.

GENERAL. Nonsense. I must tell him myself.

FOREIGN MINISTER. It's my duty to tell the Marshal personally.

PAUL. It might be wiser to let me do it.

GENERAL. Are you trying to teach me my duty?

FOREIGN MINISTER. Don't you realize this is a matter of grave national emergency. We *must* see the Marshal—

PAUL. You can't see him.

GENERAL. I must and will.

PAUL. It is impossible.

GENERAL. Do you realize what you are doing?

PAUL. Yes.

ANETTA. My father can't see you!

FOREIGN MINISTER. Why not?

[*The MARSHAL appears in the doorway. He seems dazed and not to realize the presence of the GENERAL and FOREIGN MINISTER. They move towards him.*]

GENERAL. Your Excellency—

MARSHAL. What do you want? Get out!

POWER AND GLORY

[For a minute the GENERAL and FOREIGN MINISTER look at him dumbfounded. PAUL goes to them.]

PAUL. You had better go. I'll tell him.

[The GENERAL and FOREIGN MINISTER go out.]

MARSHAL. Take no notice of me.

[He goes towards the desk.]

[ANETTA makes as if to go to him but PAUL signs to her to let him deal with the situation.]

PAUL. Your Excellency. There's news from the front—

MARSHAL. Get out! All of you.

PAUL. Your Excellency. It's bad news.

[The MARSHAL looks at him for a moment. Gradually he forgets himself and realizes the importance of what PAUL is trying to say to him.]

MARSHAL. What did you say? Bad news? Show me. *[He sits at desk]* Send for—no, no one. I'll give my orders in writing. *[As he writes quickly on a pad]* Call up more men.

[He hands a paper to PAUL.]

PAUL. *[Taking the paper from him]* Yes, your Excellency.

[The MARSHAL writes firmly and with such deliberation that the pencil breaks. PAUL hands him a new one. The MARSHAL finishes his orders.]

MARSHAL. *[Handing another paper to PAUL]* Instructions for the Flying Corps.

PAUL. *[Taking the paper]* Yes, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. And this— *[He crosses out something impatiently]* No, that's no good. *[He tears off a sheet of paper from the pad, crumples it up, and drops it in the waste-paper basket. He writes again for a moment and then stops]* No, wait a moment, I must think.

[After a moment his head gradually sinks on to the desk.]

[PAUL stands looking at ANETTA helplessly. Neither knows what to do.]

Oh God!

PAUL. *[With assumed calm]* Your Excellency, isn't there anything more?

MARSHAL. [*Raising his head*] Yes, Paul. Don't worry. [*He rises, and in spite of his effort to control himself, almost staggers as he goes to the centre of the room*] This is my order. To-morrow—I shall take my place at the head of the army and lead them against the enemy myself. I shall direct all the operations personally. . . . You see, *that* is my mission. . . . I shall win, and when I've won I shall ride at the head of my victorious troops. As I ride through the enemy country I shall pass through the ruins we have made. "That's where a city used to be!" I shall say to myself, and I shall ride on—ride on long after all the flesh has fallen from my bones. Only my eyes will be left, but I shall still advance at the head of my army, a skeleton on a white horse, and the people as I pass by will shout "Long live the Marshal!" "Long live his Excellency, the Death's Head!"

[ANETTA cannot keep back her tears. She hides her face in her hands.]

PAUL. Marshal, you mustn't talk like that.

[*The MARSHAL takes a grip of himself. He turns to PAUL and a more normal, decisive tone comes into his voice.*]

MARSHAL. Yes, Paul, don't worry. To-morrow I shall take my place at the head of the troops, but not at headquarters among the brass hats. No. I shall smell too unpleasant for my generals. I shall be among the troops, the men who are fighting. I shall lead the attack. Sword in hand, and shouting "Follow me, lads, follow me! Give them something to remember you by!" They'll fight like devils and win the war for me. [*He loses control of himself for a moment*] "Fix bayonets, lads! Fix bayonets! Charge! Hurrah!" We've won! We've—we've—— [*Suddenly his strength goes, his hand clutches at his chest*] Anetta, Anetta, I'm afraid! Afraid!

[ANETTA goes to him, controlling herself, and talks to him as if he were a child.]

POWER AND GLORY

ANETTA. You must rest, father. Sit down and try not to think about anything for a while.

[MARSHAL allows her to lead him to an armchair.]

MARSHAL. Yes. I mustn't think about anything. If I do I shall—— Do you know what I saw? There was a man, an old soldier; he stood up to salute me, and just as he was going to lift his hand—— [In terror] My God! My God!

[PAUL exchanges a look with ANETTA. She nods. He goes to the telephone and looks hurriedly through the telephone book.]

ANETTA. [Stroking her father's head] You mustn't think about it, father. We'll look after you. You're going to be all right again. We'll see to that. You must get better for our sakes. You will, won't you, father?

MARSHAL. Yes. I will. If only I could be sure of a year longer. If I had even six months I would win.

[PAUL dials a number on the telephone; he waits for a moment.]

PAUL. [Speaking into telephone] Hello, is that Dr. Galen? This is Paul Krug . . . Paul Krug. Doctor, you must come to the Marshal, at once. . . . Yes, I know that . . . I've heard about the condition you make. . . . Yes, I'll tell him that.

[He puts his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone.]

MARSHAL. [Rising excitedly] The war must go on. If only I had six months. Are you mad, Paul? We have to go on. We're in the right——

ANETTA. [Calmly] No, father. We're not in the right.

[The MARSHAL looks at her for a moment in silence.]

MARSHAL. I know, my girl—but we must win. It's not I who matters, it's the nation. Put that down. I can die for my country.

[PAUL crosses to the desk, hands the telephone to ANETTA and goes nearer the MARSHAL.]

PAUL. Yes. You can die, sir, but what will happen to us then?

POWER AND GLORY

MARSHAL. My boy, I can't live for ever.

PAUL. No one can take your place now. You've made yourself the only leader we could have. I don't think God Himself could save us from what would happen if the nation had to go on without you now.

MARSHAL. You're right. I mustn't desert now. I must win this war before I go.

PAUL. But it's afterwards we shall want you, Marshal.

MARSHAL. Why should God do this to me? What can I do?

ANETTA. [*She takes up the telephone and speaks into it*] Doctor, will you come to my father at once? . . . He'll agree to any condition you make. . . . No, he hasn't said that, but there's nothing else he can do. . . . Yes, I'll tell him. [*She puts her hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone*] Father, you've only to say the word.

MARSHAL. Put down that telephone.

PAUL. [*Calmly*] Your Excellency, you must agree. You can't do otherwise.

MARSHAL. And humiliate myself by offering to make peace? Admit failure?

PAUL. Yes.

MARSHAL. And disgrace my country, in order to save my life?

PAUL. Yes. But at least you would go from your leadership knowing there was peace.

MARSHAL. No. Let somebody else make a peace of that kind. I'll resign my leadership. I'll have nothing to do with it.

PAUL. There's no one else who can make peace, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. Why?

PAUL. It would mean civil war if anyone else attempted it. Only you can give orders for the army to withdraw.

MARSHAL. If the nation can't remain united, it can perish.

POWER AND GLORY

PAUL. But you'd never let it do that, your Excellency.

MARSHAL. Then I must do what any officer in my position should.

[MARSHAL makes as if to go to the door, but PAUL stands in his way.]

PAUL. No, you will not do that, sir.

MARSHAL. Can't I do what I like with my own life?

PAUL. No, your Excellency. Your life belongs to the nation. You must end the war.

MARSHAL. [*He turns to his daughter*] Anetta, he's got too much common sense. He'll never do anything big in the world.

ANETTA. [*Putting the telephone receiver into the MARSHAL's hands*] Father, you will agree?

MARSHAL. [*Giving her the telephone*] No. I can't.

ANETTA. Father, I beg of you. I beg of you for the country—all others who are ill.

MARSHAL. There are others besides me, aren't there? Yes, here we are, millions of us. Can't you imagine what they'll say when they see me? "Look! Here is the Marshal come to join us! He's not the leader of a great people any more. Now he's the Marshal of all the lepers. He's the head of all this gigantic army of decaying human flesh. Get out of our way! We're going to advance on the world. Conquer it, because we're in the right." Give that to me, Anetta. [*He takes the telephone from her*] "All we demand is pity!" Doctor, it's the Marshal himself speaking to you . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . I agree . . . Yes. . . . [*He puts down the telephone and turns to ANETTA and PAUL*] He'll be here in a few minutes.

ANETTA. [*Going to the MARSHAL*] Thank God!

[*She cannot control her tears of relief.*]

MARSHAL. [*As he strokes her hair*] Don't cry any more, my dear. Soon we'll be able to go away together—after peace is declared.

ANETTA. When you're quite cured, father.

POWER AND GLORY

MARSHAL. [*He takes up the orders he has written, looks at them and then tears them up*] It's a pity. It might have been a fine war, a great war.

ANETTA. And I suppose there'll never be a war again. Because when you disband our army—father——

MARSHAL. Yes, it was a fine army, my dear. It took me twenty years to build it up.

PAUL. Now you'll make peace, sir, and you'll tell the people that God commanded you to do it.

MARSHAL. God? If only I knew for certain that God wanted me to, Paul! That would be a mission for me, wouldn't it?

ANETTA. Yes. It would be a wonderful mission.

MARSHAL. But a very long and difficult one. But a man who knows he has a mission can bear with so much. [*To himself*] Peace . . . God wants it. God wants me to make peace. [*He turns to ANETTA*] Anetta, my dear, repeat that for me, will you? I'd like to hear how it sounds.

ANETTA. God wants you to make peace, father.

MARSHAL. Yes. It doesn't sound at all bad. And it would be a great mission, wouldn't it, Anetta? Think of it! First of all, the White Scourge will vanish from the world. That'd be a tremendous triumph! And then by living at peace with everyone, our nation would soon get ahead of them all. Of course it'll be a long and difficult task—but it must be the task that God has singled me out for—chosen me. [*Impatiently*] Where's that doctor? Where is that doctor?

CURTAIN

SCENE 3

The action is immediately following the curtain of the previous scene.

SCENE. *A street near the MARSHAL'S Palace.*

A CROWD of people are parading the street with banners and flags, some are singing war songs, others are shouting "Long live the Marshal!" "War! War!" "Long live the Marshal!"

The SON, whom we have seen in Scene 3, Act One, is leading the CROWD and working them up to renewed enthusiasm.

SON. Altogether, everybody! Three cheers for the war!
[*The CROWD cheers.*] The Marshal! The Leader!

CROWD. The Marshal! The Leader!

SON. Three cheers for the Marshal!

[*The CROWD cheers wildly. At this moment the hoot of a car trying to get through the crowd is heard. GALEN enters. He carries a bag containing the necessary things for his treatment of the MARSHAL.*]

GALEN. I'll have to walk, I suppose. I'm in a hurry. Do you mind me coming through?

[*The CROWD does not move.*]

You must let me get through. Someone's waiting for me. It's urgent.

[*The CROWD becomes silent.*]

SON. [*Seizing him by his coat*] No, you don't! Where do you think you're going? You're not getting away like that. You're going to join us. Come on! Come on, you! Shout "Long live the Marshal! Hurrah for the war!"

GALEN. No. I can't do that.

SON. [*Aggressively*] Why not?

GALEN. Why should I shout for war?

SON. Why shouldn't you?

POWER AND GLORY

GALEN. Because I don't believe in war.

[The CROWD, at first surprised, now become angry. They turn on him.]

CROWD. What's that? He's a coward! Let us get at him!

GALEN. *[Trying to make himself heard]* Don't you understand? What you should ask for is peace.

[The CROWD seize GALEN. He tries to struggle away.]
Let me go! You must let me go! I must get to the Marshal.

CROWD. He's trying to get away! Stop him! . . . It's an insult to us, to the Marshal! . . . Lynch him! . . . Kill him!

[The howling mob closes in on GALEN. There is a struggle and confusion. GALEN falls and disappears. The mob trample on him, seize his bag and stamp on it. In a few moments the mob scatters and we see GALEN lying on the ground motionless. Scattered near him are the contents of his bag. One of the CROWD comes forward and kneels down beside GALEN. The SON goes up to the fallen GALEN and kicks him contemptuously.]

SON. Get up! Get up and get out of this or I'll—

ONE OF CROWD. *[As he kneels beside GALEN]* It's no good doing that now, my boy. It's all up with him. He's dead.

SON. What's the odds? One spy the less. *[He turns to the CROWD]* Three cheers for the Marshal!

[The CROWD cheers wildly. The SON sees GALEN's bag and the scattered phials of serum. He picks them up.]

Hullo! He must have been a doctor or something. Well, what's it matter, anyway? *[He throws down the phials of serum and stamps on them]* That's the way to treat people like him. *[Shouting]* War! Three Cheers for the war! Three cheers for the Marshal!

[The CROWD surges forward wildly.]

CROWD. Hurrah! Hurrah! The Marshal! Long live the Marshal! Long live the Marshal!

[To the wild cheers of the CROWD the curtain falls.]

CURTAIN



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ten books at a time and can
retain these for one month.

A student of the college can
borrow one book at a time,
and can retain it for 14 days.

Books in any way
injured or lost shall
be paid for or
replaced by the
borrower.